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THE FAITHFUL PASTOR.

Respectfully dedicated to the
Rev. Joseph Lybrand, of the Philadelphia Conference.

BY HIS FRIEND SAMUEL W. STOCKTON.

The faithful Pastor daily walks with God,
In paths which "holy men of old" have trod,
His wish in all things is to please the Lord,
And be a living comment on his word.

To please the ear, or fancy's foolish whim,
And 'twixt religion and the world to trim,
Is far beneath his Godlike aim and end,
He to his God would be a *faithful* friend.

The *living word* is always his delight,
He meditates thereon, both day and night!
And if he wisdom lacks, full well he knows,
To faithful prayer, an answer God bestows.

Prepar'd to teach the way of life divine,
And in the world a bright example shine,—
He shuns not to declare, to all who hear,
The council of his God, nor doth he fear
"The frowns of men, or count their smiles," but strives,
To mend their manners and reform their lives.

He counts all earthly good, but "dung and dross,"
And glories in the consecrated cross;
He bears reproach, and contumely, and pain,
And suffers loss that he a crown may gain.

Not Demas like,—for filthy lucre's sake,—
His vows to God and to his brethren break,
In fear that poverty will be his lot,
And all the meanness of an humble cot,—
To be dependent on the Lord for pay,
And live from hand to mouth from day to day,—
Dreading the lowly walks of live to tread,
And from the rich receive his daily bread,—
But bears the lot assigned, in humble trust,
That whatsoe'er his state, be right it must,
And like to Paul, that holy man of God,
Perceive the blessing, tho' he feels the rod.
And should the tempter strive to break his hold
By "pleasing baits" to lure, or proffer gold,—
Or strive to draw aside to carnal sense;
He leans on Christ, his firm and sure defence;
When all the gates of hell cannot prevail,
Nor earth and hell combin'd should they assail,
To shake his hope; which built upon the Rock,
Shall stand, when earth receives her final shock.

He knows this earth is not his resting place,
But confident in all sufficient grace,—
He seeks a country that is out of sight,
And views by faith "The land of pure delight."

He keeps a conscience void of all offence,
Toward his God, toward mankind, and hence
He feels a perfect calm within his breast,
Sweeter to him than to the laborer rest.

His self denying spirit clearly shows,
How much of God—how much of heav'n he knows.

"To jesting which is not convenient,"
He gives no place, but with the best intent,
He talks of Christ,—the life, the truth, the way,
A world of bliss, an everlasting day.

The hand of friendship to the poor he gives,
And in the humble cot, where virtue lives,
He oft is seen, and often he has said,—
Tho' *poor their fare*, they live on *heav'nly bread*.
And tho' their drink is brought from yonder well
A *living stream*, their joyful bosoms swell.

He suffers not upon the wealthy sin,
But by reproof he strives their souls to win,
And shows them that true riches lay in this,—
At *present* love to God, *hereafter* bliss.
Which to obtain they must in all things show.
A life of love,—the life of heav'n below.

The Sabbath is to him a day of rest,
For tho' he labors more, he more is blest,
And if his feeble body oft is tir'd,
His soul as oft with sacred love is fir'd,
Which time he quite forgets his toil and pain,
In the sweet hope a glorious crown to gain;
And mingle with the blood wash'd host, before
The eternal throne, and God and Christ adore.

The sick and dying—his peculiar care,
Have his wise council and his fervent prayer.
To them he shows the freeness of God's grace,
Reveal'd through Christ, to an apostate race,
Points to the cross, and shows the streaming blood,
That purges guilt, and seals the sons of God.

But where in peace "the good man meets his fate
The verge of heaven," and near the pearly gate,
He loves to be, for there he gets a sight
"Of spirits pure," arrayed in "spotless white,"
Feels the soft zephyrs of celestial wings;
Rich with the odour of ten thousand springs,
Hears music flowing from cherubic lyres,
And feels the glow of heaven's eternal fires.

His winged soul by clay confin'd, opprest,
Longs to depart t' enjoy that perfect rest,—
Delight extatic!—on his Saviour's breast.

Thus doth he live, and when his time draws near
To leave the world, he nothing has to fear.
He fear! ah no, the joy that fills his eye,
Would strengthen him amid the flames to die!

At length he hears the summons from above,—
Up hither come, and drink the streams of love.
A convoy of celestial beings wait,
T' escort him to his glorified estate.
Already standing with his out-spread wings,
He quick obeys; and while the King of kings,
Proclaims—"well done thou good and faithful one."
A robe is brought far brighter than the sun.—
Adorns his lofty brow a crown of gold,
Beset with gems most glorious to behold,
To him is giv'n the palm of victory,
And joys untold, as drops in yonder sea.
Then with the hosts of heav'n he joins to sing,
The mighty triumphs, of their mightier King;
Then prostrate, holy! holy! holy! cry,
The Lord God Omnipotent Most High
Forever reigns. This is the happy end
Of faithful Pastors. May the Almighty send,
All o'er the earth of such, a mighty host,
Burning with love and with the Holy Ghost.

Tales Illustrating the Passions.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

LOVE.

Concluded.

The heart of Blanche of Navarre sunk with terror and agitation at the sight of every being she encountered; but Francis of Foix led her on, and she soon perceived, by the pilgrims' robes, that the three men she beheld were the followers of her lover.—Up these steps, toward the demi-lune, lay the path they were to take; and, as she felt herself emerging into the moonlight, she would have given worlds to have brought the darkest cloud that ever covered the heavens over the bright planet whose beams she so dearly loved. As they crossed the demi-lune, she turned, for a moment, to glance her timid eye over the frowning fortress she was leaving, in hopes of seeing it all calm and still; but lights were moving about, from window to window of the keep, and, clinging closely to Francis of Foix, she hurried her pace even more quickly than his own.

At length they reached the sally-port, which first gave exit upon the brow of the rock, and thence, by a narrow and tortuous path, down into the valley below. The guardian of that gate came forward at their approach, read the order by the light of the lamp, and, seeing no restriction in regard to the number of persons whom he was to permit to pass out, threw wide the door, and let them go free. Oh! with what joy and ecstacy did the bosom of Blanche of Navarre thrill, when she felt herself standing on the edge of the crag, with the free mountain air blowing, unconfined, around her! Oh, with what joy did she hear the massy door clang to behind them, the key turn in the lock, and the bolts grate harshly in the stonework!

"Now on, as quick as possible—no time is to be lost!" exclaimed the lover, as he hurried her forward. "Horses are prepared below, dear Blanche; give me ten minutes now, and all Navarre shall never stay me."

Ere they had descended a hundred yards, however, the clear, shrill notes of a trumpet were heard from the summit above, followed by voices, calling, and commands echoing from man to man, along the warded wall. A few steps further brought them to a point of the rock which Blanche had often beheld from the windows of her own apartments, and from it she now could see the tall tower wherein those apartments were situated, rising, dark and giant-like, above the steep. She raised her eyes to the windows, but all was blank. No light shone out therein; and the apprehension which she had felt, lest her flight from that dark prison had been discovered, passed away. A moment afterward, through the windows of the antechamber came a bright flash; the next instant the whole suite of rooms was filled with light, and dark figures were seen crossing the blaze.

"We are discovered!" she whispered, "we are discovered!" But Francis of Foix only hurried her on the more quickly. A few steps further the rock ended, and the hill began to slope more gently into the valley; and the next moment, as their steps sounded along the path, the quick pawing of an eager horses' feet was heard, followed by a loud, shrill neigh.

"We are safe, dear Blanche! we are safe!" said her lover. "They have quick steeds and strong hands who tear thee from me now."

Round an old fountain, crowned with rude stonework, the waters of which had been drank by many a passing generation, stood a number of horses and armed men; and on a light and easy jennet—with a heart beating like that of a fluttered girl, as he raised her for the first time in his arms—Francis of Foix placed Blanche of Navarre, saying—"Thou art a fearless horsewoman, I know, dear Blanche; should we be pursued, and I be obliged to turn to defend the pass, ride boldly on with thy maiden, and one of my old and faithful followers, to whom I will give thee in charge. Fear not that I will do aught rashly; I will but give thee time to escape, and then follow with what speed I may. Long ere I be obliged to pause, however, we shall have come up with my brave men-at-arms; with them I would defend these gorges against the world."

All were soon mounted; and, guided by one who knew the country well, they rode quickly down into the valley. But, just as they gained the high road which led on toward France, they caught sight of a large body of horse, descending the steep declivity from the castle, with their dark masses, bristled with pennon and with spear, cutting strong upon the moonlight sky. The Count de Foix turned to his guide to consult.

"How far is it," he asked, "to where the two roads join?"

"Some quarter of a league," replied the man.

"And yon road to the right?" asked the count.

"It leads into the valley of Bastan," was the reply.

"That is guarded, I know," said Francis of Foix: "we must gallop on as quickly as may be."

They urged their horses into full speed along the mountain road, and reached the point where the highway from the castle joined the path they followed; but they reached it only a few moments before the body of horsemen from above. The fugitives were concealed, it is true, by the wide cork trees that spread along the slope; but the sound of their horse's feet, while galloping, had not escaped those who followed: and Blanche was near enough to hear the orders given for quickening the progress of the pursuers. It now became a flight and a chase: but the horses of the Lord of Foix were swifter than those that came after, though not perhaps, so strong; and, for nearly an hour, they hurried on with headlong speed, till at length they came to a spot where the road seemed cloven through the solid rock, and, for some hundred yards or more, a gigantic wall of gray marble rose on either hand, with nothing but a narrow torrent, dashing its foamy way along, between the road and the rock.

Francis of Foix was by the side of her he loved; and, as they entered that gloomy pass, he said,—"Here I must make my stand! Ride on, dear Blanche! ride on my beloved! and fear not for me. I go to lay my lance in rest for Blanche of Navarre; and, with that sweet name for my battle-cry, I would maintain this pass against the fiend himself. Ride on, my beloved! ride on; and, if you meet my men-at-arms, send them down to my assistance."

She obeyed at once; and, turning round, he drew up his men across the pass. Quick upon their steps came the pursuers; and when, by the moonlight, they saw how well the narrow way was defended, the word was given to level their spears; and hurled on, like a thunderbolt, against the small band of the Count de Foix, they strove to cleave their way through by one vehement charge. But it was in vain they made the attempt; Francis of Foix had snatched a lance from the hand of one of his followers, and, in that narrow tilt-yard, met the leader of the Navarrese spear to spear. The Spaniard went down at once before his lance, and was borne backward from his horse. Happy it was for him that so it befell him; for the charger, freed from the rein, dashed forward, missed its footing, and rolled into the stream.

Driven back with loss, two of their front rank killed, and several wounded, again and again the Navarrese returned to the charge. No words were spoken, no questions were asked, but all seemed understood and known; and, after their lances were shivered, with the sword, and the dagger, and the mace, they kept up the strife for nearly an hour.—At the end of that time, however, just as the Spaniards had drawn off for a moment, with the purpose of again renewing the attack, the sound of many horses' feet, coming onward from the French side of the pass, was heard; and many a merry Gascon tongue, shouting and hallooing as they came up, showed the pursuers that their efforts would be vain.

With lowering front, then, they withdrew; from time to time wheeling round, to see that they were not pursued in turn; but no such purpose was entertained by Francis of Foix, whose first questions were addressed to his newly arrived followers.—They informed him that they had met with a frightened lady and her waiting damsel, accompanied by old Gaspard of Cervolles; that she had bade them hasten down to the assistance of their lord; and that old Gaspard had come on with them, to show them where he was.

Francis of Foix could not find in his heart to speak harshly to his old retainer; but he blamed him mildly for having left the lady, and then rode on as fast as possible to seek her, leaving a party behind to bring away the dead and wounded of his retinue.

He came to the place where his followers had been stationed, but Blanche of Navarre was not there. He rode on to a spot where three roads crossed, and then paused, anxious and apprehensive. Dismounting from his horse, he obtained a light from the splintered fragments of a pine, and eagerly searched, upon every path, for the fresh marks of a horse's feet. At length he found them; but the road on which they were visible led not in the direction which he had purposed to take. He followed it instantly, however, and blessed the glimmering dawn of light, that now came gray and soft above the eastern hills. He met a shepherd, leading his flock to pasture upon the higher grounds, and questioned him regarding Blanche. The man said, he had seen such a lady and her attendant, but that they had passed him quickly; and he warned the Count de Foix to seek some shelter, as, from the appearance of the dawn, he judged that there would be a storm ere the day was an hour old.

Francis of Foix spurred on, but he soon found the shepherd's warning true. The wind rose with sharp, fierce gusts; black clouds rolled over the morning sky; the thunder pealed among the mountains; the lightning flashed across the path; and, worst of all, the hail came down, like stones hurled from some battering-engine, upon the heads of the travellers below. Still, Francis of Foix rode on. Terror and anxiety took possession of his heart. Though the men-at-arms could scarcely sit their horses for the wind and the hail; though the lightning made the chargers start and rear as they proceeded; still Francis of Foix rode on, still he marked every object as he proceeded, still he gazed around in search of some trace of her he loved.

At length, cast in a heap upon the path, he found the pilgrim's cloak in which he had wrapped her; a few steps onward lay dead the jennet on which she had been mounted; and, spurring on with frantic eagerness, he drew not a rein till he beheld a little Navarrese village, seated sweetly in a rich wooded valley, surrounded on every side by mighty mountains. The storm, by this time, had passed away; there was a look of hope and cheerful existence in the village before him; and, trusting that Blanche might have found shelter there, he rode on, and questioned eagerly every one he met with in the place. But Blanche of Navarre had not been heard of; and there every trace of her ceased. In vain he sought, in vain he searched for her: no mark, no sign, no report of her passing could be found.

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In a vast old Gothic hall, the pointed vault of which could scarcely be seen by the dim light which found its way in through the narrow and dusky windows, were assembled the States of Navarre, called suddenly together in the city of Pampeluna. The upper part of the hall, raised a few steps above the rest, was filled with the deputies of the States, arranged in a semicircle before the people who crowded the lower part of that wide, dim, and shadowy chamber. Guards and attendants kept the populace from pressing up the steps; but, from the throng, and from the eager manner with which the people clung round the various pillars that supported the wide roof, in order to obtain a sight of what was passing, it was easy to perceive that some event of great interest was expected to take place—some matter of deep moment was about to be discussed.

Presiding over the States, covered by a canopy, and seated on this throne, appeared the young King of Navarre, with that mingled expression of passion and irresolution in his countenance which spoke the feebleness of his character. His brow would now knit into an angry frown; his white teeth would close over his under lip, and his nostrils would expand: and then again, the fierce aspect of his countenance would relax, the lip would tremble, the eye would roll vacantly over the populace, and the brow would become smooth and careless. On his right stood the Chancellor of Navarre, with a roll of papers in his hand; and on the left, several officers of his household, his jester, and his page.

After some business of little importance had been transacted, which the people heard with evident impatience, and the States passed over with but small care, the chancellor took another step forward, a darker cloud came over his stern brows, the king raised himself sharply on his throne, every ear was turned to hear, every eye to see, and the low murmur of expectation died away into silence.

It was then that, in a loud clear voice, which was heard even in the most remote parts of the hall, the chancellor proposed to the States a decree, by which Blanche of Navarre and her children, to all generations, should be excluded from the throne of those realms, and from all right, share, or title, in and to the succession of her father, the late king. The chancellor assigned no reason for so harsh a sentence, and a murmur ran through the people and the States. There was much movement, too, among the populace in front; and the king, with a loud and angry voice, ordered the heralds and men-at-arms to enforce silence and tranquillity. One of the deputies, however, an old man with silvery beard and hair, rose up and asked what was the cause to be given for so severe a decree against their native princess; adding, that the records of the States of Navarre must never bear the trace of such an act without some just motive assigned.

"There are motives sufficient," said the chancellor, frowning. "First, there is the king's will, which to his good subjects should be law. Next, and I grieve to add it, there is her own evil and shameless conduct. Is it not well known to every one here present, that Blanche of Navarre, who so long held a high and esteemed place in the sight of all men, after having been removed from the king's court, in order to keep her from the first steps toward evil, has since withdrawn herself entirely from the shelter, which fraternal affection had provided for her, and has fled with her paramour, the Count de Foix, from the dominions and protection of her brother?"

More than once a loud and angry murmur had broken in upon the words of the chancellor; but those murmurs had come from the people—the States themselves were silent. At the words, however, "her paramour, the Count de Foix," there was again a movement in the crowd, in which the States also seemed to sympathize; and a loud voice from among the multitude exclaimed, "It is false as hell!"

The monarch started on his feet, and made an angry movement with his hand; but the chancellor interposed, and, pointing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, he said, "Let yon traitor be arrested, who has dared to give the lie to his sovereign's solemn declaration before the States, that Blanche of Navarre has fled with her paramour, the Count de Foix."

"It is false as hell!" thundered the same voice; and a man, covered with one of those wild black robes common from time immemorial in the valley of Bastan, strode forward through the crowd, that yielded to him as he advanced; and, setting his foot upon the steps of the platform, and shaking his clenched hand toward the chancellor, he repeated, while the hood fell back and discovered his whole head and face,—"It is false as hell! Degraded king!—base and profligate churchman!—I tell ye both, it is false as hell! I, Francis of Foix, here give you the lie to your beards, and hurl back against yourselves the base and degrading terms which ye use to the pure, the noble, and the good!"

For a moment there was a pause of solemn silence; while the Count de Foix, with his arm still extended, and his hand clenched, his head thrown back, and his noble countenance flashing with generous indignation, remained sternly gazing on the chancellor and the king, as if seeking for new words in which to pour forth the hate and contempt which swelled within his bosom.

The king shrunk back appalled; and the chancellor, though of a bolder and more fearless nature, surprised and confused, remained in hesitating silence. At length, however, he made a sign to one of the officers, spoke a word in his ear, and then, turning to the Count de Foix again, he said, in a slow and not very distinct voice,—"Sir Count de Foix, your presence here to-day may well, and certainly does, surprise us much. We thought, and had good reason to think, that you had long quitted Navarre. We were led to believe, indeed, and, as we shall soon show, had every good reason to believe, that you had left this country, accompanied by the princess who has been so lately named. However, we shall soon have occasion to hear you at full in justification of yourself, and in refutation of the charges against you."

As he spoke, his eyes wandered round the hall; and with his last words came a bitter and sneering smile. He then paused a moment, as if about to say something more—suddenly raised his hand, and exclaimed, "Now! now!"

At the word, half a dozen of the archers of the king's guard, who had mingled with the crowd whilst he was speaking, and forced their way forward, threw themselves at once upon Francis of Foix, and bound his arms tightly with a scarf.

"Noble Lord Count," said the chancellor, "you have most opportunely come to receive the just recompense of the great and splendid deeds which you have performed in the kingdom of Navarre.—The subjects of the king slaughtered by your hand; his sister seduced and carried off; his frontier fortresses visited in the habit of a spy: these, and many other acts which can be proved against you, well call for punishment; and, however high your rank, be you sure that neither station, nor renown, nor alliances with kings, shall shield your head from the blow of justice. Take him away."

"King of Navarre!" said the Count de Foix, before they hurried him from the hall,—"King of Navarre! hear me but one word. I am a sovereign prince as well as thou art; thine equal in birth and blood: thy superior in renown. I tell thee, for what thou hast suffered this day, thou art coward as well as liar; and, if thou hast in thy poor heart one drop of generous blood, thou wilt know how to answer this defiance."

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Time passed; hours rolled on; day after day went by; and, chained hand and foot, plunged in a dark and solitary dungeon, denied the attendance and the care, the luxuries, the comforts of high station, almost the necessaries of existence, Francis of Foix passed the weary time, till he felt that death were preferable to the protracted agony of such a state. The rays of the blessed sun he never saw; the voice of man he never heard; all was silence and darkness, except when, at a stated hour, some scanty food was brought him, and a lamp to give him light during the meal. He felt all the privations of his situation keenly and bitterly. He felt the privation of wholesome food, pure water, change of raiment, light, exercise, and air.—He felt the privation of all the lovely sights and musical sounds which we enjoy in the wide world without knowing we enjoy them. He felt the privation, too, of all communion with his fellow-men, of all reciprocation of feelings and ideas; and the heavy weight of his own thoughts pressed him down into the earth.

But it was not these, nor any of them, that pained him most. There was a more grievous burden upon his heart than any of these—a more overwhelming load upon his mind. He thought of Blanche of Navarre; he thought of her uncertain fate, her dangerous situation, the hourly peril to which she might be exposed, the base imputation cast upon her name, the weak violence of her brother, the fiery passions of her brother's wife.

For himself he entertained no fears. The King of Navarre, he thought, dared never raise his hand against a great feudatory of the crown of France; but Blanche of Navarre might be the mark on which all the jealous vengeance of the queen was to be poured. Of her he thought; for her he feared; on her account he entertained these trembling apprehensions which he had never known for himself.

He was soon roused, however, from his dream of security. A court was held within the walls of the prison; an iniquitous tribunal was established to judge him: and he was tried and condemned with that mockery of justice under which the violent passions of a barbarous epoch too often concealed themselves for the attainment of their objects.—Astonished, though not daunted, he was led back to the dungeon in which he had been confined, and told that, with great mercy, the King of Navarre had determined to allow him two whole days to prepare himself for the awful fate to which he was doomed. In that short space of time, the design against his life could not be made known to any of his friends or relations; and, as it was intimated to him that his head was to be struck off within the walls of the prison, his fate might for years remain unknown to all but those who acted a part in the tragedy about to be performed.

Still, with the thought of his own immediate fate, mingled, more painfully, the memory of Blanche of Navarre. Still, he thought of her more than of himself; of her grief, more than his own danger. If in the power of her brother, or her brother's wife, he doubted not that accurate tidings of her lover's sufferings and death would be conveyed, to aggravate all that they inflicted on her; and, oh! the dark uncertainty, the terrible apprehension, the deep sorrow, that he felt for her at that moment, when the last hours of life were ebbing from him fast, showed him, more strongly than ever, how intensely, how truly, how tenderly he loved her.

Still chained, still solitary, he lay in bitter thought, with every feeling that can shake and torture our weak nature, racking his heart by turns. It was night; at least, it seemed to him that he was in that part of his long, dark, uninterrupted night, which, to other men, was covered with shadows, and passed in slumber. It was night, then, but he slept not; and, on a sudden, at that unusual hour, he heard the key turn in the ponderous lock, the huge bolts undrawn, one by one, and the door creak harshly on its hinges. A glare of light streamed into the dungeon; and, to his surprise, he beheld the beautiful, but impassioned and unprincipled Isabel of Valois, bearing a lamp in her hand, and totally alone. She closed the door behind her, and the lock was immediately turned, showing that some one waited concealed without; but for a moment she did not advance into the dungeon. Gazing on the worn and haggard countenance of Francis of Foix, she stood as if hesitating what course to pursue. But then, after an instant's pause, she took three steps forward, and, in a low, but distinct voice, which trembled with emotion, she said,—

"Sir Count, it is long since we have met; and how differently do we now meet to our meetings long ago!"

"Lady," replied the count, "I am here before you as a dying man. To-morrow, if I am informed rightly of the intention of your husband, or of yourself—for it is you, probably, who rule in Navarre—to-morrow, then, I am to end my days by the sword of an executioner; not the instrument of public equity, but the murderous tool of vengeance and injustice. Lady, I would willingly prepare myself to die; and, though I might hear, with reverence and penitence, my confessor remind me of sins whereof I sought absolution, I would fain not hear them named by her who had a share therein."

The brow of Isabel of Valois grew dark, and her eye flashed; but, after a moment, the frown passed away, the fire of her eye went out, and a look of tenderness and sorrow came over her fine, but stormy countenance, like a sweet gleam of sunshine breaking across the tempest-cloud. She shook her head somewhat mournfully, and answered,—"Who led me to share in those sins, Count of Foix?"

Francis of Foix felt and knew that her own fiery passions were the evil guides that she had followed; but he was too generous to retort the truth upon her.

"Alas! lady," he replied, "let us not think of such things at such a moment, but to regret them. Why you seek me, I do not know; but I beseech thee, in pity, disturb not the thoughts of a man who is preparing himself for death."

"I come, if thou wilt, to save thee from death," she replied; "I come to offer thee thy life: but it must be upon conditions."

The Count of Foix smiled bitterly. "Lady," he replied, "I never yet was found fearful of death, nor weakly clinging to this mortal being; yet I will not lightly cast my life away: but thy conditions must not be severe ones, for Francis of Foix holds his life as a jewel pleasant to possess, worthy of defence, and to be valued at a certain price; but that price is clear and ascertained. It is worth so much, and no more; and he is not such an idle spendthrift as to give one jot beyond the real value. May I crave to know what are the conditions?"

"These," answered Isabel; her brow again growing cloudy, at the little esteem in which he seemed to hold her offers. "Thou shalt renounce Blanche of Navarre; thou shalt never see her more; thou shalt acknowledge publicly——"

"Hold, lady! hold," exclaimed the count; "it is needless to add another word; it is needless to shame your lips, by giving them to utter one more unworthy demand. I will not renounce Blanche of Navarre—I will not promise never to see her more. God and my honor forbid! If I live, I will love her; and, dying, I will love her also. Through every hour of existence, from the present moment to the last instant of the doubtful future, I will think of her, I will love her, I will adore her. The memory of her love shall give me consolation and support even in the hour of death; and the moment when thy fell vengeance triumphs over my mortal life, remembrance of her shall enable me to set your injustice at defiance. Her love shall give me strength and courage, her virtue guide me up to heaven!"

Dark and fearful was the expression that came over the features of Isabel of Valois. Her beauty grew like the beauty of the fiend, where loveliness was clouded with hate and with despair. But that countenance, all powerful and expressive as it was, could but little convey all the fiery passions that struggled in her breast; for an instant she gasped for breath; and then, exclaiming,—"Thou hast chosen thy fate! be it as thou hast said!" she struck her hand against the door. It opened: but, before she quitted the dungeon, she once again turned to the Count de Foix, and, setting her white teeth fast together, she muttered,—"Thou scornest my kindness as thou hast scorned my love; but thou shalt know what my hate can do. They have told thee that thou art to die within these prison walls; but I tell thee, no! thou shalt die like a common malefactor, on the public scaffold. Not one pang shall be spared thee: the grinning populace, the roaring crowd, the tall scaffold, the sword stained with the blood of traitors and of murderers, the hand of the common butcher—all that can make death shameful and terrible, shall fall upon thee; and, if in thine hour of death thou rememberest Blanche of Navarre, Isabel of Valois shall not be forgotten!"

He gazed upon her, as she spoke, calmly and sternly; and, on her part, after having paused for a moment in silence, with her bright eyes flashing, and her whole form enlarged with passion, as if seeking in vain for more words to give utterance to her hatred, she suddenly quitted the dungeon, and the door closed behind her. She stood in the long vaulted passage, where, on either hand, appeared manifold rows of arches, leading to many an abode of misery and horror, with the jailor who had accompanied her to the cell, holding up a torch to light her footsteps, on their way through those damp, mouldy corridors, and with the woman who had followed her thither, gazing up in her face, in order to read from the expression that it bore, what were the emotions which her visit to the prisoner had produced.

Isabel of Valois, however, did not advance upon the path to which the jailor pointed; and over her beautiful countenance she did not even strive to cast that ordinary veil which might shade or soften the picture of the wrought and agitated soul. The passions, the turbulent passions within her bosom, were, at that moment, incapable of concealment or disguise. The moment the door of the dungeon had closed behind her, she paused, and stood as if rooted to the ground, with her eyes bent down upon the damp gray pavement, and the deep lines of intense thought knitting her fair, splendid brow. Her left hand and arm fell dead and motionless by her side; and in the relaxed dropping of each long, slender finger, it appeared as if all power and sensation therein were at an end. But the right hand, which was rather raised, with the fingers clenched tight, as when she had struck it against the door, remained contracted for several minutes, while the same strong passion which had moved her in the dungeon continued powerful in her heart.

After a time, however, the fingers opened, the hand fell slowly to her side; and, though the eye still remained fixed upon the ground, a change of expression came over the living picture of her face. The knitted brow again became smooth and sorrowful; the white teeth were no longer firmly pressed together; the proud nostril expanded, the lip quivered, and, clasping her hands together, she burst into a bitter flood of tears, only interrupted by convulsive sobs, which seemed to shake her whole frame.

This state continued for several minutes, while the attendant gazed on her with apprehension and anxiety, and the jailor cast down his eyes in surprise, at a scene of which he felt that he ought not to have been a witness. It next became evident that she struggled against her tears, and strove to master the agitation which produced them; and, as she found all ordinary efforts vain, she worked herself up into fury at herself, for giving way to the weakness that overpowered her: she stamped her foot upon the ground; she struck her hand against her brow; and, exclaiming, "Fool! fool! fool that I am!" she turned violently to the woman, crying, "What stare you at, minion? Dare you comment on the actions of your queen? Follow behind me! Lead on, sir, with the torch, lead on! There is some gold for thee; but thou hadst better tear out for ever from the book of memory what thou hast seen this night—otherwise thou mayest find a surer and more silent dwelling than thine own dungeons. Lead on, I say! lead on!"

The prison and the palace are, in all ages of tyranny and of barbarism, in near companionship; and from the dungeons which Isabel of Valois had just visited, a long passage beneath the great square of Pampeluna, and a spiral staircase, led her back to the abode of her husband. As she mounted slowly, step by step, the Queen of Navarre had time to recall all her courage, to steel her haughty heart, and to efface the traces of agitation which her strongly excited passions had left behind. She paused for a moment, however, in her own apartments. She carefully washed the marks of tears away; she arranged her dress with studied grace and elegance; she called to her aid every art of fascination; and then proceeded to seek the weak prince who had placed his happiness, his honor, and his fame, in the hands of one so little worthy of the trust. He welcomed her with a glad embrace; for of late she had been rather a niggard of her presence, and had taught her husband to value her smiles, by making them more rare.

"Hast thou heard the tidings, my Isabel?" he said; "hast thou heard the discovery we have made?"

Isabel of Valois—like all human beings when excited by strong passions to pursue evil schemes—felt more than just apprehension at every sound and at every sight around her. Each change, each news, each step that she herself took forward, agitated her whole heart, lest some interposing hand should pluck her back from the course which she was determined to pursue; and the words of her husband instantly excited fear that some unforeseen event might throw a stumbling-block in her course.

"No, sir," she replied,—"no; I have heard no news, I have heard no tidings. Keep me not in suspense, my lord; tell me what has occurred."

"Nothing to displease nor harm thee," he replied, marking the change upon her countenance; "it is, merely, that my unhappy sister Blanche, that disgrace to our race and name, was seen yesterday in the neighborhood of Pampeluna by a priest who was passing through a small village not far off. It was said that she had sent a messenger to Don Ferdinand de Leyda; and, not an hour ago, I had him called to my presence, and asked if such tidings were true. He replied, that he had received neither letter nor message from Blanche of Navarre, but that he doubted not the tale of her being in the neighborhood was well founded. He promised, moreover—on my strict injunctions—that, if she sought refuge with him or with his sister, who was ever her dear friend, he would [illegible] presence."

"I love not that Don Ferdinand de Leyda," burst forth Isabel of Valois, vehemently; "I love him not—I doubt his double-dealing promises. Once already he has deceived and disappointed me; and, if you trust to his word you will find that he has some specious under meaning by which he will break his engagement, yet keep his conscience whole. No, no, my lord: if you love Isabel of Valois, and would remove the stain from your house by punishing properly her who has incurred it, follow my advice."

"What wouldst thou have me do?" demanded the king. "I will do any thing in reason to please thee, Isabel."

"Thus, then, act, my lord," she replied; "and do it, not to please me, but for your own honor's sake. Deal not upon this Count of Foix as upon a private enemy whom you remove from your path in secret; but, judged and condemned as he is by public judges appointed to try him, let his execution be public, and in the face of day. Proclaim to all the land around, that on the day after to-morrow, at the hour of noon, Francis of Foix, condemned to death for having entered your dominions with the semblance of peace; for having gone into your frontier fortresses as a spy, and afterward having in arms attacked and slain your subjects in the execution of your orders, will bow his head to the block, and undergo the sentence of his judges. Let this be spread far and wide; and, my life for it, if Blanche of Navarre be within hearing of the tale, she will come forth from her concealment to save her lover from the sword."

"Perhaps it may be so," replied the king. "But yet, Isabel, I fear to delay the execution, or to make it too public. Many of the nobles already murmur; many affirm that Blanche is innocent; and I fear that, did the French king, who is even now upon our frontier, afford them any encouragement to deliver his vassal, the Count of Foix, they might rise in rebellion against their monarch's authority. You know not those proud Navarrese, Isabel; you know them not so well as I do."

"Out upon the king who fears his own subjects!" replied Isabel of Valois: "I trust my husband is not such. Out upon him, I say! Call in your troops, my lord; exert your courage; summon round you those whom you know to be faithful to you; and fear not but that the traitors will fall down and lick the dust beneath your feet. Fie on it! the French king gives them no encouragement. Is not Charles my own cousin, near to me in blood and in affection? and, had he been willing to espouse the cause of this Count of Foix, would he not have done it long ago, when all the count's followers and vavasors were clamorous at the gates of Toulouse for assistance? Let it be proclaimed far and near, that the count suffers the day after to-morrow; and, without direct assertion, let it be insinuated, that the only means to save his life is the production of Blanche of Navarre."

"Well, Isabel," replied the king, "doubtless thou judgest wisely. Order all this as thou wouldst wish; but, also, take care; and ever remember that many eyes are fixed upon our actions, and that we must not dare to stretch authority beyond a certain limit."

"Dare!" exclaimed Isabel of Valois,—"dare!" and for a moment she gazed upon him with a glance in which the indignation and contempt of her fiery and haughty spirit struggled with artful wile, customary self-command, soft blandishment, and all the subtle coquetry, with which woman, weak in power, and denied participation of command, so often obtains unseen the authority from which man would exclude her, rules where she is supposed to be ruled, and tramples on the habitual tyrant of her sex. Art, however, conquered even passion. She cast herself upon the bosom of the king. She bade him think of his honor, where she consulted nothing but her own passions; she bade him consider the claims of justice, while she sought nothing but vengeance. She qualified every evil wish by some glorious name, and she persuaded him to what she would, while he fancied that she but strengthened him in his own upright principles. Her schemes were approved of, her wishes granted; her whole step and figure were animated by the thought of having in her power her that she hated with undivided enmity, and him for whom her love struggled with her wrath in such a way as to make that wrath but the more deadly.

The fatal morning arrived. The glorious sunshine of that bright land spread over the whole scene; and the awful scaffold, covered with cloths of crimson and black was raised before the windows of the palace. Guards and attendants took their places round about. The gazing crowd had gathered early, and filled all the square; and on a platform which was raised near the spot prepared for the coming tragedy, was seen a chair of state, destined for the monarch of the land, and already surrounded by various officers of his household. It was some time ere the king himself appeared; and when he did so, all eyes were, of course, turned toward that spot; but the dull and heavy frown upon his countenance seemed gathered there expressly to extinguish all hope of mercy from he who had passed his life in idle pursuits, and who had the weaknesses of a gentle mind without possessing any of the redeeming qualities. The trumpets sounded as he appeared. The herald summoned the Count of Foix, in a loud voice, as if he had been a free agent, to appear and answer for the crimes laid to his charge; and in a moment after he was led forward to the front of the scaffold, and the accusation and the sentence read before his face.

He was very pale. The rosy hue of health, which he had regained after his wounds, had faded away under long imprisonment; and an ashy shade, different altogether from the pallor of apprehension, remained fixed upon his countenance. His eye was calm and steadfast, his step firm and proud; no quivering of the lip betrayed the smallest agitation, no tremor of the frame showed the slightest touch of fear, at his meeting face to face with The Great Enemy. He stood calmly, with his manacled arms crossed upon his broad bosom, while the charge and the sentence were read; and his eye wandered over the people, as if he listened but lightly to a matter unworthy of attention, while the calumnies urged against him were repeated, and the iniquitous sentence which doomed him to the block was re-pronounced. When it was over, and the harsh and dissatisfied murmur had subsided, he addressed the people in a voice, clear but not loud, which penetrated to the utmost extremes of the great square, and was heard almost by every ear in the silent multitude.

"Ye have heard," he said, "charges that are false; and ye have listened to, and sanctioned by your presence, a sentence that is iniquitous, in itself, base in its motives, weak in its pretences, and alike unworthy of the monarch of a generous people, and the judges of a free and warlike land. But I am here, a stranger in the midst of you, with none to plead my cause, with none to defend my right: and, although I might well calculate upon some one from among the renowned nobility of this country standing forth to do justice to the wronged and the oppressed, yet I forgive even those who abandon me, in this my latest hour; and only beseech them to believe, that not only am I innocent of one foul charge brought against me, but that the sweet princess of your native land—the pure, the bright, the beautiful, the noble—is belied by the base accusations which have been spoken against her, by the very lips that should have maintained her honor, and have upheld her fame. Oh, Blanche of Navarre! Blanche of Navarre! that which weighs most heavily upon this heavy heart it, that my follies, or my vices—follies which thy wisdom has shown me, vices which thy virtues have done away—should have furnished thine enemies with a pretext for blackening the unspotted purity of thy angelic name. Oh, Blanche of Navarre! Blanche of Navarre! if there be one good and noble soul that hears me, they will tell thee, when I am dead, that with my last words, with my latest breath, with the ultimate effort of a spirit born for other worlds, I did justice to thy purity, and died defending thee from slander!"——

There was a movement in the crowd beyond; there came loud voices and shouting tongues. The populace drew back, and opened a way toward the scaffold; and a hand-litter moved forward through the midst, preceded by a cavalier in the simple robes of peace, but followed by a long train of men-at-arms. The King of Navarre gazed eagerly upon the sight, with feelings well nigh approaching unto dastard fear; but his apprehensions were instantly relieved, when he recognised in the first of the train the person of Don Ferdinand de Leyda.

"Where am I?—whither have ye brought me?" said a voice from the litter, as soon as they set it down at the foot of the scaffold; at the same moment, a small fair hand from within drew back the curtains. It was the hand of Blanche of Navarre. Her eye first fell upon the multitude, who, silent as death, watched for some coming event; and, at the sight of the wide sea of human faces that swept around her, she shrunk back again. But, the moment after, the scaffold and its dreadful apparel, the [illegible] with Francis of Foix, chained and bare-headed, in the front.

The multitude was forgotten; deep, overpowering love, was all that she felt; all that she thought of was fear for him she loved. She clasped her hands—she gazed at him one moment in breathless agony; then, darting forward, she passed the guards who opposed her not, cast herself into his arms and wept.

A loud shout of pity and sympathy broke from the people; but it was scarcely sufficient to drown a wild and angry cry which came from a tall window above the scaffold, at which, also, a beautiful but fiend-like face was seen glaring for a moment. There were swords drawn among the people also. The men-at-arms who had followed the litter pressed on and surrounded the scaffold; and the king, pale as death faltered forth an order to stay the execution.

"What is the meaning of all this, Don Ferdinand?" he demanded, endeavoring to assume some portion of kingly dignity. "How dare you approach our presence in arms at such a moment?"

Ere Don Ferdinand could answer, another actor had appeared on that strange scene. Unveiled, uncovered, with her profuse black hair broken from its gatherings, and floating wild about her shoulders—her eyes flashing living fire, her lips quivering, her small hands clenched—Isabel of Valois rushed from the palace and stood beside her husband. "Give the word, my lord!" she cried,—"give the word! Strike off the traitor's head! What! will ye suffer him to escape, when one word will bring the sword upon his neck? Then I will speak: strike, executioner—strike! Traitor, do you not obey?"

But the king again held up his hand as a sign to forbear; and Don Ferdinand de Leyda answered: "Let me beseech you, sire," he exclaimed, "on no motive whatsoever, to suffer this matter to proceed. Give instant orders, let me entreat you, for the executioner to descend from the scaffold, lest the tumult go on to dangerous results."

The king followed his suggestion at once, and the movements which were taking place among the people subsided; though all pressed forward to gather, as far as possible, what was passing between Don Ferdinand and the king.

"You are in error, sire," continued the former, as soon as the executioner had withdrawn, "you are in error in regard to my having ventured to come armed in your presence. I am unarmed—I am without followers. These men-at-arms before you are the escort of your sister, the Princess Blanche, sent hither with her by your most noble friend and ally, the King of France. I promised you, sire, that if, on her return, she applied to me, I would bring her to your presence without an instant's delay. I have obeyed you, and have fulfilled my word; but I am charged by the Dauphin Charles, who now holds the valley of Bastan with his forces, to demand at your hands, free and uninjured, his cousin, Francis Count of Foix. He added, too, a threat, painful for a subject of Navarre to repeat, but it must be told. He says, that if one hair of the count's head has fallen, he will take the crown from off your brow before a month be over; that he will lay the whole land prostrate in blood and ashes, and not leave one stone of your capital city standing upon another."

The king turned toward Isabel of Valois, with his lip and cheek as sickly as a withering flower. "Thou hearest, Isabel," he said,—"thou hearest!"

"Coward!" she burst forth, with frantic vehemence,—"coward and fool! If thou wouldst deserve the name of man, put on thine armor, mount thy horse, and then strike off the head of thine enemy! Put thy light sister in some holy house; set the head of this subtle traitor upon the gates to welcome his French allies; and then lead forth thy barons to fight for their native land!"

"Madam," interposed Don Ferdinand, before the king could answer, "the plan is a brave and goodly one; but, I fear me, it would not succeed."

"Why not?" cried Isabel of Valois,—"Traitor! why not? Thou tremblest for thy head;—I see it! Thinkest thou that all the nobles of Navarre are false and subtle as thyself? Traitor! I say, why not?"

"For this simple reason," replied Don Ferdinand, taking a roll of parchment from an attendant who had followed him: "the nobles of Navarre, assembled at my house last night, hereby declare that they are ready at all times to aid their king in just and honorable warfare; but they will not support him in unjust deeds, nor draw their swords to pander to the vengeance of a woman. Unless the Count of Foix be freed, and due compensation made unto him for what he has already suffered, not one of all the vassals of the crown will take the field against the power of France so long as the crown rests on the head where now it stands. When France shall have avenged herself against those who have injured and insulted her in the person of one of her high vassals, we will defend ourselves: but we will neither abet nor screen injustice; we will not participate in murder under any form; we will not oppress our native princess, nor hear her fair, her virtuous, and her honored name traduced, and then uphold the calumniator with our swords. Two hundred hands have put their names to this!"

"Hearest thou! hearest thou!" cried Isabel of Valois; her whole frame writhing with the agony of her passion. "Oh, do one manly act, and strike him dead! or let me do it!" she exclaimed, snatching the dagger from her husband's belt, and springing on Don Ferdinand de Leyda. But the wary Navarrese was prepared; he took one step aside, as she darted forward, caught the uplifted hand, wrenched the dagger from it, and cast the weapon with a scoff, into the crowd. "Madam," he said, "your justice is somewhat summary!"

She stamped, she tore her hair, she rent her covering from her convulsed bosom; her eyes grew wild, the light of reason went out in them; and, with loud screams, and strange, incoherent blasphemies, she was carried away from that awful scene in the arms of the attendants. The moment that she was gone, Don Ferdinand de Leyda knelt at the king's feet.

"My lord," he said, "we believe that you have been deceived in many things. We pray you, for your own welfare, for the peace of your people, and the safety of your crown, instantly to command these bonds to be taken from the hands of the noble Count de Foix; to send him back in honor to his own country; and, as a compensation for the wrongs he has suffered, to grant him the hand of your fair sister, with such a dowry as the States of Navarre shall vote. See, my lord—see how fondly he still holds her to his bosom, even in those manacled arms. Let the chains be taken off; and, in pity, let the princess remain. Thus shall you merit the love of your people; thus shall you turn away the enmity of your mighty neighbor; thus shall you render your nobles invincible against your adversaries."

"If such be the wish of my vassals," said the weak king, "be it as you say, Don Ferdinand; I will do any thing to gain the love of my people. Nor do I doubt that I have been deceived in this matter, since you assure me that it is so. Let the Count de Foix be set free; and, as to my sister Blanche, I beseech you, let her repose with your sister, Don Ferdinand; for I would not take her back to the palace, till I have argued the matter with my fair, but somewhat hasty queen."

Don Ferdinand could scarcely repress the scorn that rose in his heart: but he bowed his head low, with all ceremonious respect; and the king, rising, seemed to hesitate whether he should retire or remain. A word from Don Ferdinand, however, induced him at once to withdraw; and the loud shouts which were bursting from the people, as they saw the guards removing the chains from the hands of the Count de Foix, only served to hasten the retreat of the king. With trembling hands, Blanche aided to unbind him she loved; and Don Ferdinand, passing onward to the scaffold, grasped him warmly by the hand. Francis of Foix cast his arms, alternately, round his friend and round her he loved; and, amidst the loud and gratulating shouts of the people, they led him down from the scaffold.

Repose and refreshment were necessary to all; and Don Ferdinand would not suffer his friend to agitate the fair girl, whose heart had been already so terribly tried, till she had obtained some rest in the apartments of his sister. At night, however, they all met again; and, in that same hall where, on his first coming to Navarre, Francis of Foix had spoken light and ungenerous words of Blanche of Navarre; in that same hall where, two months after, he had in her hearing recanted his error, avowed his love, and defended her fame; in that same hall, he held her to his bosom as his promised bride. The monarch had given his consent; the nobles of Navarre had pledged themselves for the States; and, with Ferdinand de Leyda and his fair sister, the count sat down to meat, seated beside her he loved. For a time, the emotions of their hearts were too intense for aught but silence; but [illegible] restored, and as Don Ferdinand and his sister, with kindly skill, strove, by cheerful words and bland encouragement, to banish all the fearful memories of the past, Blanche was won from her silence, and was induced to tell—though the tale was, more than once, interrupted with tears—the story of all that had befallen her since she had parted with her lover in the mountains.

Oh, with what deep interest, with what intense emotion, did Francis of Foix listen to all that she had done, to all that she had suffered! How his heart beat, when she told him that the horse which she had ridden had been killed by the lightning, and the poor girl who had followed her nearly destroyed by the hail. She told, too, how they had found refuge in the dwelling of a hermit, among the hills, and how she heard afterward that her lover had passed while she remained there. Then she depicted all her anxiety, all her apprehensions, all her efforts to discover him, or to give him notice of where she was: and then she pictured for him all the agony of her mind, when some of the mountaineers whom she had sent to follow on his track, brought her the tidings of his appearance at Pampeluna, of the dreadful charges uttered against herself, of his arrest and threatened destruction. Then again, how proudly swelled the heart of Francis of Foix, as she displayed the deep, determined devotion with which she had resolved to risk every thing for him, and only hesitated between returning to Pampeluna and casting herself at her brother's feet, or speeding onward through the mountains, and appealing for aid and protection to the King of France.

By the advice of the old man who had given her shelter, she said, she had followed the latter course; and, on foot, accompanied by no one but the hermit—for her attendant was unable to proceed—she had gone on alone through the steep and rugged passes of the Pyrennees; had encountered danger, privation, fatigue, and pain; had passed through the rude scenes of the French camp; had been insulted by the ribald soldiery; had been driven from the door of the royal tent; but, strong in love, in virtue, in noble purposes, had persevered till she obtained admittance, and cast herself at the monarch's feet. She had told him all, she had no concealment from him; she had spoken to him as a daughter confiding in her father; and that noble king, though he justly and wisely obtained from the hermit such confirmation of her tale as he could give, believed her to the full, and instantly commanded his son to advance into Navarre, and see right done to all. He had directed him, first, to use gentle means; and, if possible, to secure his purpose by treaty with the nobles of the land. If that could not be done, he was commanded to use force, and not to sheathe the sword till he had freed or avenged the injured vassal of the French crown.

The result was already manifest; but still, upon all the details, Francis of Foix paused with deep and tender interest; making her dwell upon each step she took, repeat, over and over again, each particular of her story; and tears, which no suffering of his own had been able to draw forth, now rose in his eyes, when he heard the sorrows, the difficulties, and the pangs, which, for his sake, had been encountered by Blanche of Navarre.

The tale of Francis of Foix, and her he loved, may now soon be ended. The King of Navarre fulfilled his word to him in all things; for he was no longer under the dominion of the unhappy woman whose violent passions had brought the fearful punishment of insanity upon her own head. Isabel of Valois was never restored to reason; and, in less than two years, she died, exhausted by the fury of her ravings. Her husband married again; and, though he was still ruled by her he wedded, the sway was more mild, virtuous, and just. Francis of Foix led his bride to the altar, and bore her to his own sweet mountain territory, with joy, and pride, and hope. Blanche of Navarre had taught him the difference between false and real love; and, in so teaching, had conferred upon him a blessing for which he was never ungrateful.

Their days passed on in happiness and peace; one long lapse of sunshine. She ruled him not; she attempted not to rule him: she had won him to virtue, and she was satisfied. But the love he bore her—the deep, true, ardent, intense, impassioned love which he felt for the only woman he had ever loved truly, ruled him, with unshaken power, through life. That which would give pain to Blanche of Navarre, Francis of Foix would in no shape do: that which would give her pleasure, it was his first wish to accomplish. But Blanche of Navarre and virtue were one: and he followed the dictates of honor and of reason, when he followed the dictates of love.

There are two dominant desires in the minds of most human beings; the one is the desire of greatness, the other of wealth; from which if we could free ourselves, and remain content with being as we are, without seeking any thing else, we should be free from many fatigues, evils, and anxieties which now distress us.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

THE WIFE OF THE DRUNKARD.

'Twas midnight, in sadness the drunkard's wife gaz'd
On her hovel's dark hearth, where the last faggot blaz'd,
[illegible]ew, whence that fuel she soon would require
[illegible] come, when the flame that now waned should expire.
She thought of the time when in childhood's glad hours.
The hand of content strew'd her pathway with flowers;
When the smile of a father, a sunbeam would prove,
To dispel ev'ry cloud from the heaven of love;
When a mother, life's cup fill'd with joys ever bright,
And a sister's affection enhanced the delight.
She thought of a brother, the pride of her heart
And a lover, what thrilling emotions now start!
Love's Eden has faded, no pleasures are there
And the buddings of hope yield the fruits of despair,
Hark! what is that noise which now falls on her ears?
Can it be the loud voice of the Storm King she hears?
Does the blast of his trump, call his troop from the north,
And bide them to deeds of destruction ride forth?
Ah! no, 'tis a sound which more terrors impart;
'Tis her husband's rude voice strikes a pang to her heart.

A moment has pass'd, now before her he stands
With his eyes flashing widly, and death in his hands;
She falls on her knees, with her eyes turn'd above,
She points to her infant the pledge of his love:
But alas! all in vain for his reason is gone,
The man has departed, the *fiend* takes his throne;
He turns to his victim as lowly she bends
And deep to its hilt, the keen dagger descends.
Ah! never again shall affection's fond smile
Or endearing caresses, his sorrows beguile,
No more shall she hasten his coming to greet,
For the wife of his bosom lies dead at his feet.
Ye guardians of freedom, who fearlessly stand
The bulwarks of justice, the pride of our land;
How long will your laws give such potent control,
To the demon of death, the dark fiend of the bowl?
Stop now, and no longer grant license to kill,
But crush that vile monster, the worm of the still.

Lexington, Ky. Jan. 1839. L. W.

THE DRESS-MAKER.

Let us "take a single victim;" let us present the London dress-maker's girl, but a year in her teens, compelled, it may be, to aid in the support of younger brothers and sisters. How many bleak, savage winter mornings does she rise, and, with half-frozen fingers, put on her scanty clothes—all insufficient to guard her shrinking limbs from the frost, the wind, and rain,—and, with noiseless feet, that she may not disturb "any of the lodgers," creep down three-pair of stairs, and, at six o'clock, pick her timid way through mud, and cold, and darkness, to the distant "work-room?" Poor gentle thing!—now, hurrying on fearing that she is five minutes too late, and now pausing, and creeping into a door-way, to let some staggering drunkard pass, roaring and reeling home. It may be, too, that this little creature was born in the lap of comfort—was the pet, the hope, of a fireside—was the darling of a circle—the child of competence, of luxury. Death, however, has taken her father—the sole prop and stay of a house of plenty; and the widow, after struggling from year to year, has passed from bad to worse; and now, with four children—our little dress-maker's girl the eldest—pines in a three-pair back room, whence, every morning, our young heroine, with a patience and a passive sweetness—the gifts of early adversity—sallies forth to unremitting toil. Gentle reader—is this a false picture? Is this a colored thing, tricked out to cozen sensibility?—the creation of a florid story-writer—the [illegible] novel? Oh, no! do not think it: at this moment, hundreds of the fairest and the most delicate human buds—of creatures who, in the regions of May Fair, had been painted, and their portraits scattered through the empire, as very triumphs of "the excelling hand of nature"—work twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours per day—*for what?* For just enough to prove how very little human nature may exist upon. To proceed.

Our little dress-maker has arrived at the "work-room." After two or three hours, she takes her bread and butter, and warm adulterated water, denominated tea. Breakfast hurriedly over, she works, under the rigid scrutinising eye of a task-mistress, some four hours more; and then proceeds to the important work of dinner. A scanty slice of meat—perhaps an egg—is produced from her basket: she dines, and sews again till five. Then comes again the fluid of the morning, and again, the needle until eight. Hark! yes, that's eight now striking. "Thank heaven!" thinks our heroine, as she rises to put by her work, "the task for the day is done!"

At this moment a thundering knock is heard at the door. "The duchess of Daffodils *must* have her robe by four to-morrow."

Again the dressmaker's apprentice is made to take her place—again she resumes her thread and needle: and, perhaps, the clock is "beating one" as she again, jaded and half dead with work, creeps to her lodgings, and goes to bed, still haunted with the thought that as "the work is very back," she must be up by five to-morrow.

Beautiful, and very beautiful, are the dresses at a drawing room! Surpassingly delightful, as minutely described in the columns of the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Post!* To the rapt imagination they seem woven of "Iris' woof:" or things manufactured by the Fairy Queen, and her maids of honor: yet may imagination, if it will, see in the trappings the work of penury, of patient suffering, and scantily rewarded toil. How many sighs from modest humble worth have been breathed upon that lace! How much of the heart-ache has gone to the sewing of that flounce! "All the beauty of the kingdom," says the Court Chronicler for the thousandth time, "was at her majesty's drawing-room!" What! all the beauty in brocade, in satins, and in velvets? Is none left for humble gingham—none for homespun stuff? Oh yes! beauty that has grown pale at midnight, that wealthy beauty might shine with richer lusture the next court-day! Beauty that has pined and withered in a garret, that sister-beauty might be more beautiful in a carriage!

Can there be a more forlorn, more pitiable condition than that of the daily seamstress, growing old and lonely on the wages of her ill-paid craft. Follow her to her room—the topmost nook of some old, gloomy house, in some gloomy court; survey the abode of penury; of penury, striving with a stoutness of heart, of which the world knows nothing, to put a bright face upon want, to smile with patience on the greatest, as on the pettiest privations. This is the dress-maker, long since past her girlhood; the seamstress, no longer out-stared in the street—followed for her beauty—flattered—lied to; tempted with ease and luxury, when her own home offers nothing but indigence and hardest labor. This is not the young, blushing creature, walking in London streets, her path full of pitfalls; the lawful prey of selfish vice—the watched-for prize of mercenary infamy. No; she has escaped all these snares: she has, in the innocence and constancy of her heart, triumphed over the seductions of pleasure; has, "with the wings of a dove," escaped the net spread for her by fiends with the faces of women. She has wasted the light-heartedness of her childhood, and the bloom of her youth, in daily, nightly toil; and arrived at middle age, she is still the working sempstress—the lonely, faded spinster—the human animal vegetating on two shillings per diem.

Among many of the most annoying trials, of life, the trial of a new dress by a wayward, aristocratic customer, or what is infinitely worse, by purse-proud ignorance, is not the least to the poor dress-maker's girl, who may be commissioned to take the garment home. If there be a failing in a flounce, the slightest error in a sleeve, if a cuff be a hair's breadth too broad, or a thread too narrow, down will come a shower of hard words—and that, sometimes from the prettiest, and seemingly the meekest of mouths—about the astounded head of the dress-maker, who with helpless looks for the omission of others, or, what is equally likely, for the forgetfulness or new whim of the lady herself, stands silent and abashed; or flutteringly hesitates an excuse, or promises instant amendment. Such promise, however, for the time, only increases the storm; until the culprit finds that silence is the best defence, and she is at length ordered "to take the thing away," and, if she please, "to throw it on the fire!"

Now, ere we proceed, will our lady readers put their fair white hands upon their gentle hearts, and, with unblushing faces, declare that never, at any time of their lives, did such a scene as that above described pass between them and the dress-maker; the innocent scape-goat of the faults and the caprice of the employers and the employed? "We pause for a reply."

THE DWELLING BY THE SEA.

Stay, lone man near the dwelling,
Whose windows look the sea;
O'er which in bright and golden light
The sunbeams flowing rest!

And is it lonely indeed,
In the broad flood below?
And does its shadow tremble
In the evening's ruddy glow?

I say that 'tis not lonely,
Many fair things gathered
And the solid mass stood close by,
And with silent joyfulness

Broke not the wind and ocean
With merry voice and strong?
And breathe there not the inward smiles,
Yet low, and deep, and long?

The winds and waves were living
In silence, see and all!
And a funeral pomp was swaying
Hitherward from the land!

And now 'tis there passing by there
A lady like a queen!
And in, with the robe of purple,
And with the diamond's sheen!

And had they not known from home
A maiden young and fair,
All smiles in her loveliness,
With light and flowers in hair!

Widest or gold or purple,
Have the noble year!
The sable garb of mourning,
The names were not worse!

From the New York Daily Regrem.

Interesting Letter from Cuba.

HAVANA, November 16, 1838.

GENTLEMEN:—This is a holiday—the streets are thronged—there is a procession headed by Princess and Queen, and closed by a company of Lancers. What festivity do they celebrate? It is the letter of Columbus. Upon a birth announced to the authorities of the city, in order that a figure of the old Mariner, but fifty have been put upon his arms the muscles of which with such ease as act in the two pugnacity, and a countenance, manner, expressive of the discovery of a New World. The procession is more or more plain than I ever saw in a Catholic country. The church is here, *the firmly seated* to consider necessary to delight the multitude with a splendid parade. It prefers to adopt, and to appropriate the luxury of the mass it would ignore and to demand, reasons for the achievement at which it derided, opposed and reluctantly. The Stocks, even and Columbus experienced, are moving from street to street to delight the populace, sometimes of the very men that this day is none festival. The whites monopolize the sport, look proud and happy, and the idle show as a continued attempt to conciliate wrong by religious rites, and perpetuate the enormities by hollow ceremonies.

Because one stands a monument, whose marks the spot, whom the first Moor was proclaimed in 1810, when Columbus discovered the island, on the 27th of October, 1492. Three hundred and forty six years is a long period in the history of man, and it is interesting at the day, to overview a colony planted upon one of the most fertile spots of the earth, governed upon the most corrupt, and efficient" government, with the nations sprung from an unconnected, barely landed upon the bleak shore of New England. Connected to no authority, but a character of its own construction—to no love but those of self-love adoption, and owing its advancement a power and civilization, not to the *solicitude* of a Parent State, but to its *neglect*.

The following historical notes may be useful to those, whose position does not enable them to procure information more authentic, accurate or precise.

CUBA.

This Island compared to which most of the other Islands of the West Indian Archipelago—are mere specks upon the ocean, lies obliquely between the 20th and 23d degrees of north latitude, and 74th and 85th degrees of west longitude. Its length is about 700 miles, and mean breadth less than 60, containing an area of 37,662 square miles, which is nearly the size of England. There being no *parishes* of *high latitude*, and no mention of such waste of the soil as every where incessant, and capable of almost unbounded production, but yet at this time, *not more than one tenth of the surface is under cultivation*—nor is there, *scarcely enough for a three miles of the larger towns*, a single road upon the *Island*. The communication from city to city, was made upon the backs of mules, and sometimes drags, and that over mountains, and through defiles, where the bridle path is rendered dangerous and difficult.

The supreme authority is vested in a "Captain General, appointed by Spain, whose power is unlimited—all judges are inferior functionaries, responsible to him. The "Intendente" is Treasurer and Chief of Finance, which latter has great influence *al desirous* of the Spanish Court. For military purposes, the island is divided into three departments, east, centre and west—for civil into four—and for which it is divided into forty-one" districts, and two Lieutenancies, whose precise jurisdiction I cannot learn, and which is moreover quite unimportant, as the whole is under the absolute rule. The mainte dewans appear to be 11 millions, 10 towns (villas) 94 villages, 162 hamlets (aldeas), and 241 country districts (*tenencias de gobierno*). The Ecclesiastical State is regimented by the Archbishopric of Cuba, the Bishopric of Havana, 72 Curacies and 29 similar, to which the Monastic orders must be added.

I have been much troubled to discover the measures of population, but will fix it at one million and a half, agreeing to the estimate of well-informed residents, though, in my opinion, it should be less. In 1827 the last official return upon which I can lay my hands, the total number was 726,505, but this excludes the army, ambiente, compared to those of former years is evidently augmenta. For instance, the population of Havana is placed at 70000 less in 1827 than in 1810, and the free colored population is made to decrease in the same time, and that, too, in a country where, to say nothing of natural increase, legislation and the habits of the people are favorable to emancipation. The capital of the Island then represented, (*regular representation*) was estimated at 52m millions of dollars, but, with a million more of people and larger estates, the gross product (production brutto) is 14 millions, and the nett profit (Rentas liquida) at 32 millions. These are estimates of the tal sort, however, of little value, for every estate has its own basis of calculation, which Learn little assimilance to that of another. The following table shows the returns of property and population in 1827:

DISTRICTS.	West.	Centre.	East.
Sugar Plantations,	499	196	205
Coffee,	1,267	1,107	1,211
Horned Cattle,	400,000	602,000	195,000
Horses,	60,000	36,000	30,000
Mules,	10,000	44,000	47,000
Sheep and Goats,	50,000	7,000	13,500
Populations,	409,437	164,497	131,453

I would observe, that while the production of Sugar has much increased, that of Coffee has not; the former being more profitable and requiring a smaller force.

I am told, that the revenues of the Island now amount to twenty millions of dollars annually, which enables the "Intendente," after paying all expenses, civil, military and naval, to remit to Spain from two to three millions. By the returns before mentioned, the revenue was 6,142,030, of which 5,510,587 was from imposts on consumption, and more than one million derived from other sources. Of the disbursements, 83-135,745 were for the support of military, and 1,240,000 for the navy, 1,000,000 for civil and individual property. It was originally granted by the Crown as a source of a large portion of them is owned centre, with so little attention to surveys, that *fathers and grandfathers* have sometimes awakened, which, with the Proprietorship of the estate, was, or forms a fruitful cause for law suits. Though free-births of the soil of manufactures, it cannot be obtained but at a high rate. Ten dollars per acre is a common price, in the interior, the payment of the capital principal with the purchase money, so long as the interest is paid annually.

Upon the whole I can give you no good idea of export duties, except that they are enormously high, and of imports, that they are prohibitory in almost equally, upon all articles imported, though some duties are specific, and generally more reasonable in quality. Eastern wave pays $11 per quintal, (this $1 dollars,) more; Colonies and Mexicans 4 dls. per 100. Cotton stockings 6 dls. per doz. cotton, &c. &c. Cheap varieties of any article, are almost exclusively for the use of the slave. If this mode of imposing a tariff be unequal, unjust and unconstitutional, it is at least strategic for me, for it protects only to *low* the people—not to protect particular interests. There is no escape from it—whatever you import, you pay, so equally taxed is the poor as the rich. Upon *Flour*, of which large quantities are imported, an unusually high duty is levied. It pays $7.50 per barrel. Tears is also an export duty upon all products stamped from the Island, which creates a handsome revenue. Sugar pays 50 cts. per case, and Coffee 54 cts. per 100 lbs. these are the duties.

A comp the following from a return of 1829:

Importations,	$19,805,806
Exports,	13,360,405
Vessels cleared,	1069

Articles.	Imports.	Exports.
United States, 1825	$6,754,000	$2,191,000
Spain, " 1829	4,461,000	3,264,000
England, 1826	1,838,910	1,239,000
France, "	1,116,000	1,200,000
Hanseatic towns, "	1,200,000	1,200,000

The Cuban consumes some trading to Spain and Germany. A far greater trade is carried on, in carried, in the United States, than with any other nation, upon an exception allowance in favor of some one, a difference of nearly one third is made in favor of Spanish vessels. The exception should be in favor of Spanish possessed, any every, double than to some nation the whole. If it a simple fact, that Cuba this with the price of the port of Havana, the principal place of shipment, which exhibits no such unnatural increase.

Exports from the port of Havana, in the years 1809, 1836 and 1837.

	1809.	1836.	1837.
Cases of Sugar,	182,000	312,655	712,356
Arrobas of Coffee,	1,130,570	922,493	1,459,576

The arrobas is 25 lbs.—The case of sugar is estimated at 600 lbs.

Atkinson's Evening Post
Philadelphia Saturday News

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1838.

AGENTS.

Our friend and townsman, Lieut. Wm. A. Pierce is now making a collection tour through Delaware, Queen Anne, Lancaster and Cecil counties. Our friends in those counties will do well to encourage the enterprise of a young man who is deserving of success in life from whom he may call.

Mr. Thomas Sparrow is our travelling agent in Kentucky in place of Mr. H. G. Evans, resigned.

C. Peters, Esq. P. M. at Chestertown, Md. is our Agent for that place. Subscribers will therefore settle with him.

E. R. Sweetin, Esq. P. M. at Paterson, N. Jersey is our Agent there, where our paper will receive the necessary attention.

J. R. Weldin is Agent at Hartford, Ct.

P. G. Thurman is Agent at Rochester, Pa.

Mr. Wm. Hall is our Agent at Cincinnati, Ohio, and will receive subscriptions for us in that city.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"An Adventure in the West," has been received. It shall receive a full notice at an early day.

The "Gallery," we must exclude from the columns of the Post and News. It is well written, but the tone of the article is not such a to be complimentary. We would rather err on the side of *propriety*—than to offend, by a supposed want of *delicacy*.

"Oliver Twist," we will receive them, but, should be pleased—" side his hip is in tone "—if he would strike its chords aggr.

"Lines to the Memory of M. E. G." are next. We like "the promptitude" of its author.

Our friend, of *"Hagerstown"* must accuse us—or write more plainly—his verse, does all our efforts at interpretation.

"What made her lonely?"—Really sentences say. *Many of the* touches of the author strike of the singular. "Admirations beds" we do not like, but on the whole the piece has some poetic kindred of spirit. Case we would like to clip the wing of genius in its first flight.

We welcome the *"Stanzas by J."* We hope we will not be disappointed. Let us hear from him from the shady grove. He will find the happiest moments, to be those devoted to the muses.

"Giving Advice to those who need it" is rather *gratuitous* business, and is rarely productive of much reform, when unsolicited. " R. S." and the lady who sometimes "writes for us" are welcome. Any lady may laugh at her own folly, but let her feel in a very good humor, at this present writing.

The *Intelligencer* of all passions most befriends us here." So says a far-wise land,—But hear what our correspondent " *Florans*" saith

" *It pleases me to see*
The captain wears sausage:
It shows the widow, fatherless,
And wife have husband."

TO EDITORS AT A DISTANCE WITH WHOM WE EXCHANGE.

We observe several editors have published our advertisement of the junction of the Saturday Evening Post and Saturday News with ours, and in one part by an omission of part of the terms.

The paragraph should read thus. *"Agents who please to talk five new subscribers, and enclose $10 in current notes, free of postage, will be entitled to an extra copy of the Post and News, and a volume of The Casket for a past year."*

Those publishers who have inserted the advertisement of the Ladies' Book will hereafter receive the Ladies' Book in exchange.

We are indebted to the Hon. Charles N. Bancroft for valuable public documents, relating to business at Washington.

JUDICIAL.

Chief Justice Parker, of New Hampshire has decided, that a person may buy any kind made at the bills of a Bank after it has failed, though the fact of such failure was unknown to the parties at the time of sale. The case is not valid—the owner not having received what he agreed to take—money.

In the case of George Smith, appointed Receiver of Bonds, by Justice Porter, versus Col. John Swift claiming to hold the same office, under Governor Ritner, and to maintain his same by virtue of the provisions of the New York Constitution, the Court decided, on Tuesday last, against Col. Swift—and "that the original provisions of the numbered constitution, which is the supreme law of the land, continued to suspend the power to remove, are, in their application to the present subject, still in force."

Judgment is entered.

TEMPERANCE.

In the Post and News of the week will be found an highly interesting letter from France, on the subject of Temperance. We commend it to the notice of our readers. It contains the substance of an interesting discourse between Mr. Dufresne and the King.

PREMIUM ON SILK.

The friends of this branch of National enterprise, are receiving encouragement and support in all quarters. An Act has passed the Legislature of Delaware, allowing a premium of fifteen cents per pound, for cocoons raised in the State, and fifty cents per pound for raw silk reeled from such cocoons. The law is to continue for four years. The benefit of the Act does not extend to manufactured companies.

The farmers of this State, will remember the Silk Convention, to be holden at Harrisburg, on the 22d inst. It will be of practical benefit to them. Let them be well represented, and their interests will be duly attended to.

MAIL ROBBERY.

The United States mail was robbed on the 24 of November last, near Vandalia, Illinois, it is supposed by the driver of the stage, who has been arrested on suspicion. The discovery was made by some letters being found broken open and lying near the road side, partly covered with leaves.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We enclose our table the "*Journal of the Franklin Institute*" for the month of January, published by the Society. This is a pamphlet of much size, and such an one as is worthy much of perusal, day. The most valuable article in this is "*Dr. Locke's Reply to Mr. Silliman*," an "Address to the People of the United States," an article "Silk Cocoonery" with Delaware, with much useful information, relating to the Silk Culture.

Communications, addressed, post paid, to Gideon Pepper, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, Johnstown, will receive prompt attention. Tuse. $1 per annum.

The New Gardener, by John Libby, No. 6, North 4th street, contains several choice articles.

The American Medical Library, by Waldie, No. 48 Carpenter street, contains an article on "Neuralgia or Treating Hypertrophy of the Heart."

The American Phrenological Journal has an article on "The size of Sir William Hamilton's Brain, by Mr. George Combe—and several pieces of interest to students. By Waldie, No. 48 Carpenter street.

The Ladies' Companion. The Fahrenheit number, for Jan. is unusually rich and spicy, and is embellished with a handsome engraving of Rebecca and Rose Gaylbert, from Scott's Novel of the Betrothed. Engraved by engraving by Isaac C. Pray, are good. The number is entirely original.

The American Journal of Medical Sciences, for Jan. is on our table. As usual it contains several articles on subjects of deep interest to the profession. "Norris's Report of surgical cases"—" a clinical lecture by Dr. Gibbons on Sanguineous Tumors on the Head," ect. ect.

"Burton." Where is he?

"Oliver Twist," *Sampleis in one number*, Chas. Dickens, Esq. "author of "Sketches," "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," &c. &c. Lea & Blanchard. It is but late in the day to increase the fame of "Boz" by praise. He is beyond its reach, and in his ageless way he reigns supreme. He possesses the most intimate knowledge of the human heart, of any man of the age—he watches its every workings, and tells its most secret pulsations of passion—"joy or pain"—with an accuracy, which proves that he has sleeped the matter that "the proper study of mankind is man." Lastly, he has wounded the heart's depths, and made himself acquainted with its secret springs. Any man who wishes to possess himself of a case for a moment, should procure a copy of the "Pickwick Papers."—He who wishes his feelings melted down, and to acquaint himself with many of the deepest exists,—let him read "Oliver Twist."

We give the following vivid sketch from the latter.

DEATH OF BILL SIKES THE BURGLAR.

We must state that Sikes has killed Nancy, and that he is pursued into one of his haunts, a house of Fully Dutch by a mob furious to get at him.

"Then come a loud knocking at the door, and then a breathless silence within. Again the angry voices as would have made the bolted door tremble. Help!" shrieked at the author strike of the singular. "Admirations beds" we do not like, but on the whole the piece has some poetic kindred of spirit. Case we would like to clip the wing of genius in its first flight.

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Those publishers who have inserted the advertisement of the Ladies' Book will hereafter receive the Ladies' Book in exchange. Those only who publish our advertisement headed "ATKINSON'S EVENING POST AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS" will be entitled as a matter of right to the Evening Post and Saturday News.

Our exchange list is excessively large, and much confusing.—Our only adequate compensation for exchange is the insertion of our advertisement—those who do not copy it will receive it in few copies more—and then no more.

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open knife clenched in his right hand. The last chimney quivered with the shock, but it stood firm. A dull sound succeeded, as of a limb striking the wall, and the body, thrusting aside the lifeless body which obstructed the door, dropped to the people to come and take him out for God's mercy.

INTERESTING FROM CHINA.

The editors of the Boston Advertiser have received private advices from China as late as the 15th of August. Arbiter of that date in the following letter.

There is now every prospect of a renewal of the Lord Napier war. Another fleet of ships of war has assembled at Chuenpee, with the Wellesley, Larne, and Algerine. Hoequa, Mowqua and Paushun-qua have been ordered to Pekin. Memos. he endeavor to get an interview with captain Elliott, H. M's Superintendent; and the preparations making by the Chinese, are at once on the most extensive and the most childish scale. The hills at the Bogue, the forts, and the landing places, are crowded with troops; the river swarms with fire-rafts and junks, boats, and vessels of all classes; the hills each side the Macao passage fort are crowded with men, and, as at the second bar, boats and junks have been prepared to be sunk by filling them with earth and stones. Nothing can exceed the consternation of the mandarins on board the war junks they board all the boats passing through the Bogue, and coming to town from Whampoa—yet the act is accomplished with fits of shrieking—as would be desirable in a child. These warlike demonstrations are of course complied with many reports. Some say the whole of the trade is to be stopped until Admiral Maitland goes away; and you know the Chinese well enough to see that such a thing may take place at any moment. As all the Chinese in our employ are hurrying to get the Levant off as quick as possible; and we shall leave Whampoa six days hence, if the trade is not stopped in the mean time.

LIBERALITY.

Our generous townsman, Paul Beck, Esq. has presented to the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, a handsome building, erected on Callowhill street, between Sixth and Seventh street—together with the lot of ground on which it stands—eighty feet front on Callowhill street, and two hundred and seven feet deep. This noble act challenges the commendation of the wise and good—for one may do good in a variety of ways, and by example, precept and liberality, adds a munificent gift to society for spreading sacred knowledge, and bestows upon it the most rationable religious congregation as means of worshipping God in the beauty of holiness."

DR. DYOTT.

The insolvent case of Dr. R. W. Dyott, which was appointed by the Court, to be disposed of on Tuesday last, was again postponed, until the 20th inst. On hearing the Court room, a large crowd of creditors and others assisted him, and with loud hootings demanded their money. For the protection of personal violence, he was obliged to take refuge in the store of Mr. Ridgway, in Chestnut street. He afterward effected a retreat through a back passage into Minor street. Mr. Ridgway informed the reporter of the fact, when they immediately set off in pursuit, but the Doctor had passed beyond their reach.

EXAMINATION EXTRAORDINARY.

Major General Patterson, Generals Power and Gordon, Colonels Page and Woolf, Majors Mills and Stille, Dr. T. T. Betton, Jacob Ridgway and others, appeared before the grand jury to give testimony before the Committee of the State Senate, to whom was referred the Messages of the late and present Governor, with power to send for persons and papers. The object is to trace the march of the troops of the First Division to Harrisburg; the State Capitol, in obedience to the orders of the late Governor, as Commander-in-Chief.

NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE.

We announced, by the mail, some days since, that the Secretary of the Treasury had removed the Custom House in New York thus far, has been $630,000, realized $900,000 paid for site—and the cost, estimated at $1,000,000 is required to further sum of $300,000, to complete the building.

LIABILITY OF STEAMBOAT OWNERS.

Captain Gray, of the steamboat Thos. Jefferson arrested at New Orleans, and held to bail in the sum of $50,000, as one of the owners of the steamboat Helen Mar, for the loss of the life of which took place some weeks since. The arrest was made under the late law of Congress, for the purpose of ascertaining the details of the disaster, which is pronounced by the public to be decidedly wise and salutary.

A ROBBERY AND OUTRAGE.

On Monday night, a man named Patrick McCarroll, was entered into a house in Sixteenth street above Seventh, tenanted by whites and blacks. While there, a colored man threw a brick through the window, and attempted to rob him. The attempt was resisted, and McGerald endeavored to force the hand of the black through the window. Failing in that he seized by a colored woman who was in the room, and the man pulling a knife from his pocket, cut the wrist of Fitzgerald in a most frightful manner, and then made his escape. Fitzgerald was left. The alarm was given—two colored women were arrested, but the man effected his escape. Fitzgerald was taken to the hospital.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

The Baltimore American states that on Monday last, upon the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road, was entered into a house in Bingen by a woman waiting at one of the stations, to take her passage to the city, finding herself on the wrong side of the track, attempted to cross the track in front of the engine, but was struck down, and the train passing over her caused her instant death. The engineer made every exertion to stop the train, but it was impossible, the momentum of the woman was so sudden that his exertions could not save her.

CANADA.

Sir George Arthur returned to Toronto on the 23d ult. The Court House, at which the Court is session on the 22d ult. having tried forty-five prisoners. One of the prisoners, named Woodcock, was found guilty of a murder, but recommended for mercy. Francois Nouvelle Beaucage, remarking that these are the first political offences in the country parts of the Quebec district, which have heretofore maintained a peaceable character.

MR. GOWEN AND THE EXCHANGE COMPANY.

The affair of which we spoke in our last has completely blocked up the walks of the Exchange the last end, and has barred the highly fine lead marble columns which support the door way of the Exchange. Gowen has issued a long printed statement of the whole affair, in which he denies in toto, that the Exchange Company gave him any right to occupy the property, but contends that they dallied with him in the most intoxication—at least with an effort to compromise the affair. This of course will call forth a retaliator.

FREE BRIDGE.

A bill has been reported in the House of Representatives, Harrisburg, providing for the erection of a free bridge over the Schuylkill, at Arch street, and the re-building of that at Callowhill street, recently destroyed by fire. It provides for the purchase of the Permanent Bridge at Market street, at the cost of $80,000, provided one-third of the sum be contributed by individuals, and in case of the purchase, the bridge at Arch street is not to be erected.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SENATE.—But little of interest has occurred at Harrisburg during the past week. The Speaker of the Senate laid a communication before the Chair, from the Governor relative to the expenses of the troops called to Harrisburg by the late executive. This has been acted upon—but no investigation will take place before a committee.

Petitions were presented in the Senate, the City Commonwealth purchase a tract of land, and make a new approach to the street to and the lessee pour of this State.

Also a petition in relation to the Pennsylvania bridge, and one for appointing a weigher of hay and straw. This last is of some importance to the farmers of Pennsylvania. The yard in Sixth near Green is now in a flourishing condition and it may be a question whether the passage of a bill such as is contemplated, will in the least degree further their interests.

The bill for appropriations to several parts of the public works was again, by resolution, taken up in the committee of the whole, and after being amended, was read the third time and finally passed. The amount proposed in this bill, to be appropriated principally to the repair of canals and railroads, is $1,000,000 00

Loans not relating to canals and railroads, 1,000,000 00

Loan for Eastern Penitentiary, by act of 31st March, 1831, 100,000 00

Loan for Union Canal Company, by act of 1st March, 1833, 900,000 00

Temporary loan, by act of 16th June, 1836, 900,000 00

Temporary loan, by act of 14th April, 1838, 900,000 00

Besides the appropriations to miscellaneous objects, 1,545,799 86

Deficiency in appropriations to internal improvements, $39,057 01

Debts due to the United States on account of conditional loan of surplus revenue, 3,867,514 79

Amount of public debt, $30,114,304 97

ASSESSED PROPERTY.

The public works, canals, railroads, $25,109 644 92

Bank stocks, 2,103,700 00

Turnpike and bridge stock, 2,700,300 00

Canal and navigation stock, 526,000 00

Railroad stock, 179,564 50

Real estate on unpatented lands, 1,000,000 50

Estimated value of public property, $31,638,306 50

STEAM POWER.

Bennett, in one of his letters from Washington, has the following interesting information:

"I mentioned the other day that I had received a copy of a report on steam power, just made to the House by the Secretary of the Treasury. It contains some of the most valuable statistics on the subject that ever have been collected together in this country. The difficulty of procuring them will be appreciated when the Secretary issued a circular to every Collector of the other similar officer, directing them to get the of all intricating drinks. I submitted on paper to his Majesty, by his own request, a statement of our present views and principles of action, as to the use of steam power. We are satisfied that intoxicating drinks, when used as a beverage, are injurious to health, are lower Saxe-Saint but hurtful, and that is abandon the use of them, and by example to promote the health, virtue, happiness, and prosperity of society.

This he also read aloud, and immediately said "That is true. I believe I must myself." He then sign it myself, if I thought last to France it could at present do good. His Majesty then spoke generally of the intemperance of the nations. England, Russia, and Sweden, &c. but earnestly inquired if there was not in the United States fewer Sacrificial but fearful, and he was pleased to hear that there was a hope to promote the health, virtue, happiness, and prosperity of society.

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Steam engines of all kinds in the United States,	3,010
Steamboats in 26 States,	800
Steam engines used for navigation,	1,360
Steam engines used for manufacturing,	1,360
Steam carriages of all kinds since their introduction,	200
Steam locomotives on railroad locomotives (only,)	2
Number of persons killed by steam accidental,	3,000
Do. do. (another statement)	5,000
Property lost by such accidents,	$5,000,000
Steamboats built since 1807,	1,300
Of these there have been lost	200
Do. do. worn out,	240
Miles of railroad travelled by locomotives,	1,500
Number of locomotives in Pennsylvania,	96
Miles of railroad in the State,	473
Horse power in steamboats,	57,910
Do. do. railroads,	2,400

From Zion's Watchman.

VEGETABLE DIET.

We have published Dr. Alcott's work on vegetable diet. He has collected an array of facts upon this subject, sufficient to make the most grave and sober minded laugh. He will give the whole of the "Economical Argument," and a specimen of the extent to which the new plan can be carried, as well as an evidence of the ease with which it may be forced upon the subject:

It must be obvious at a single glance, that if the vegetable products of an acre of land—such as wheat, rye, corn, potatoes, beans, peas, beets, Saxon Navigation, Nicholas Biddle, Esq. presided, and R. Ralston, acted as Secretary.—The report contains a large mass of facts on the subject, and was replete with information. It recommends the formation of a company forthwith, by a special Act of the Legislature, or under the Co Partnership Law, for the purpose of efficiently establishing a *line of Steam Packets between Philadelphia and Great Britain.* The resolution accompanying the report, was agreed to without a dissenting voice, and we may justly regard the efforts of this meeting as the opening of a new era in the trade of Philadelphia.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A large meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia was held on the evening of the 6th inst. to consider the propriety of petitioning the Legislature for the passage of a law to authorize the election of the Mayor by the people, and regulating the number of the Select and Common Councils.

Resolutions to carry into effect the design, and a committee to obtain signatures to the memorial, were adopted and executed.

MR. COMBE.

It is due to this gentleman to state, that in the lecture previous to the one noticed by us last week, he had fully, and by well attested facts, met the position that the "rich" were the only subjects to take lecturer, as Mr. Combe, or what. Or if he prefers it, let him plant the one half of the money in potatoes, potatoes, beans, onions, &c. The one half of the money will buy seed for the whole, and the produce of grain would still half support his family; and it would require more than ordinary gluttony to eat the whole of the potatoes, to consume the product of the other half, if the crops were but moderate. Half a bushel, a quarter of an acre of land, will produce, at least, sixty bushels of potatoes: one sixth of a bushel will produce ten bushels; one pounds of potatoes: or one-sixth of a bushel will produce sixty pounds. This is surely a favorable allowance of food without the grain and other vegetables.

But suppose a whole family should live wholly on grain, as corn, or even wheat, for the year—the cost of the whole would hardly exceed fifty dollars, to four places, and in the dearest times. Of course, I am speaking now of expense for land and fruit merely—the latter of which would be chiefly saved in the Missouri Hall in this instance. We hope that it will not be permitted to precede that of Mr. Sully.

FLOUR IN FREDERICK.

The Frederick Herald says—" Report states that the quantity of flour accumulated at the Frederick depot is 40,000 barrels, more than that at the different depots from this on to Winchester, it amounts to 80,000 barrels. It is to be regretted that the price is not sufficiently high to induce the railroad company for want of cars, &c. It is certain that the quantity on hand is very large, and that prices, as *good*, as report states, we are not confident."

A writer in one of the southern papers says that girls who eat the most, always make the best wives. "Give me," he exclaims, "a hearty man who can spoil the meals of a roasted turkey at a sitting, with gravies, and jellies to match."

The Baltimore Sun.—The *able* editor of this sprightly contemporary has perpetrated *one* range; what a more, has united himself to an old sweetheart of our own. Sans Indulgence he is a fortunate fellow, and has succeeded in obtaining a gem he cannot too highly value.—*Spirit of the Times.*

The Times a gem ought to be ashamed of himself! "Fie! fie!" but to be obeying such a joke as the *hasty* is on of a contemporary is too bad.

Philosophers sport with the follies of mankind; tradesmen make money by them. Which is the wiser of the two?

CHARITABLE.

By request of the *Jefferson Literary Association*, David Paul Brown, Esq. will deliver a lecture on the life and writings of Shakespeare, in the Musical Fund Hall, in Lagrange above Eighth streets, on Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

The object of the lecture is strictly charitable, being designed to raise funds for the Society for "Improving the Condition, and elevating the Character of its Instricus Females." Ticket-be had at the usual principal book stores.

The high literary qualifications, and the universally acknowledged oratorical powers of the lecturer, will confine to secure a large, and intelligent audience, and a liberal contribution for the deserving.

Governor Porter's Message on the Disturbances.—Governor Porter sent a message to the Legislature, notifying them of the necessity of providing for the payment of $1,843,114 23, which is due by the State, and for other sums which will become due in the course of the year. Besides the amount of the debt, and the principal of sundry loans, to the aggregate of $3,737,701 83. Total to be provided for, $5,573,076 16. Deduct amount of estimated revenues for the remainder of the year, $1,454 918 03. Total deficit for the year, $3,926,117 24. The Governor then gives a statement of the present debt and State property of Pennsylvania:

Debts contracted for public improvements, by the loan, who with a few friends were seated around a table, engaged in various occupations, the queen in acting articles to sell for the benefit of the poor. Some time before the princess addressed me in English, the latter of which showed it to be her native tongue, and which she said was a highly plantation upon Cuba. The king was then absent, but soon after my arrival in Paris. I recieved an announcement

THE BRIDE.

BANK NOTE PRICE CURRENT.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA.

Notes of the Girard Bank, altered very ingeniously, from five to ten dollars, are in circulation in this city.

Another Vacancy in the State Senate.—Mr. Ingram, hailing from Chester field county, has resigned his seat in the State Senate.

Abscondence.—The husband of twin infants were taken from a sick in Spruce street, below Eleventh, on Sunday night, where, it is supposed, they had been inhumanly thrown by their mother. The cause assigned for the act was inability to support them. We are told that attention was drawn to the spot by the cries of one of the children, and that, when taken out, only one of them was found to be alive.—*Ledger.*

The Mutineers of the brig Bruzzano, late of this port, were to have left Newhaven on the late Saturday, on board the bark Sagadoc Shoperdson, Captain Francis, for New York.

Indictments for Riot.—Newsboys' papers state, that a bill of indictment was, on the 18th ult. found by the Grand Inquest of Dauphin county, against Charles Frey, John J. M'Cann, John W. Ryan, John (Jack) Savage, Jacob Bowman, George W. Bowman, Daniel Snyder, Martin Dunlap, Jacob Hack, and several others, for a riot and an unlawful assembly against the Commonwealth at the meeting of the Legislature. The prisoners, or some of the individuals will not, we guess, amount to much in the end.—*Ledger.*

The Delaware is nearly free from ice opposite this city. We have accounts that there are no obstructions below.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, of this city, is preparing, and will shortly publish "Notes on Luke," in two volumes.

Counterfeit five dollar notes of the Bank of the United States, Northern Liberties, are in their appearance in Wilmington, Delaware of a very bad kind.

The resident Engineer at Lewiston, writes under date of the 20th, respecting the Union Canal, that "it will be completed on the 1st July with but little or no injury to the works on the Union Canal."

NEW YORK.

United States Jurisdiction.—In the case tried in the New York Judge Betts decided, and ordered that the crew of a foreign vessel, shipped in a foreign port, cannot use the captain for their acts of cruelty on the United States, in the matter falling under the jurisdiction of the country by the late storm at about ten *millions* of dollars.

The Damage.—The New York Transcript says that the damage by the late storm all over the country by the late storm at about ten *millions* of dollars.

Mr. Joseph Lion that was sent from Africa to General Jackson, has been purchased in New York by a gentleman of Boston.

The New York Journal of Commerce claims at present a daily circulation of 3460, and confidently expects to sell largely.

The 5th of February has been appointed for the execution of Jacob Schultz, at the jail in Tallmadge, where term of service expires on the 4th March next.

Among importations per ship Russell, arrived at New York on Friday from Leghorn, was a coffin containing the remains of the late George W. Brimmer, Esq. to M. Brimmer, of Boston.

About two hundred and fifty German emigrants from the neighborhood of Dresden, kingdom of Saxony, arrived here on the 19th inst. on steamer Rostni from New Orleans. Of these, about one hundred and seventy-five are such as we understand, are wealthy. They intend to settle in Louisiana in the vicinity of Opelousas, styling themselves Stephanites, from the name of the clergyman, Mr. Stephan, who accompanied them.

It is their intention to purchase land and settle in a body in that State. They expect soon to be joined in their new home by six hundred more of their countrymen, who are now on the Rhine preparing themselves for the voyage.—*Albany Argus.*

Shocking Suicide and probable Murder.—Intelligence was received in this city at nine o'clock yesterday morning in the porter house kept by Mr. Wilson, No. 1 Bowery, that a man named Pietro Paolopaulmuse, who boarded at the house, had committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, and that a woman named Josephine Jarnatch, living at the same house, had been found in bed with a man in a disgraceful situation, and that in a state of intoxication she threatened to take her own life, and that the man had cut her throat into the execution.

At the time mentioned, however, he found the woman alive, and on her bed a razor which he had put into her side, and upon some of the inmates of the house coming up, he had left the discharged the contents of another pistol into his own head and died instantaneously. The razor was found in right side of his victim, and lodged in the lower part of the breast bone, and it required some force to extract it.—She is of course in most excruciating pain with very slight prospect of recovery.—*N. York Star of Tuesday.*

EASTERN.

The fire at Westport, destroyed 12,000 barns, 12,000 tons of hay, and 1,000 cattle.

Sublimity for Morse Mathematic.—The Hartford Times says, "Gazette and Courant, the *popular* trees (more been sold as the genuine Morse Mathematic, and we are told that one has recently fetched out of 500 dollars by the peaceably cloud. You can set a slave strangely, the man non mother, or the barber said to his apprentice.

Taking it as Hand-Bar.—A man of business advertised in a Boston paper "A Boy wanted." Soon after a youngster called at the door bearing a full and smiling specimen of the article desired, snugly deposited in a hand-cart.

The Sea Serpent.—The Post says, the Fishermen of Hanwich, having on fish to catch this season, have got caught themselves—Sixteen were married in one week.

Precocious.—A chap in Vermont, seventeen years old, recently married a girl of fourteen, six days, and then married her.

WESTERN.

Pharmalogy and Medical.—The Ohio Legislature has passed a bill incorporating the "Western Reserve Medical School," and the committee who reported the bill takes occasion to remark, that though they do not consider homœopathy worthy of general state, entitled to rank as a science, yet the character of the scientific gentlemen entitled to the highest confidence and esteem, and that if the general outlines are correct, though its advocates may be somewhat visionary and undefined.

We learn from Frankfort, that the Green River Bridge Co. have lost by the late flood 40,000 of dollars, and without the real estate principle, has passed the House of Representatives of Kentucky, by a vote of 41 to 31.

A petition is before the Legislature of Missouri praying for the appropriation of two millions of dollars, for the erection of a bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis. It is a stupendous enterprise, and if it can be effected finally feasible. It is proposed to build it with stone discovered in the vicinity, and eight thousand feet long.

Mr. Lewelling, with his famous horse Tumour, is performing Mazeppa in Natchez.

Medical Colleges.—Two have been introduced into the Legislature of Kentucky, to make the carrying of the murderous weapon a penal offence.

The State Debt of Ohio is 19,000,000 of dollars, which is paid by the State, amounts to $1,165,647.

Cincinnati can boast of the healthiest inhabitants in the world. Their teeth are whiter than ivory, their eyes are brighter than diamonds, their nerves—the lyrical harks—the sweetest *tunes*—and their hearts—the seat of all affections—the most capacious—the best society—the least pride—and the most sympathy of any town in the west.—*Greenvastle (In.) Obs.*

Great Fire in Cincinnati.

The Ruin of the West.—A few years since Alton, on the Mississippi, river in Illinois, was a flourishing place. The principal supply of steamboats at that port during the past season, from the 1st of January to the 1st of December, was *one thousand and six-fifteen.*

The "*Rural Grit*" *from the West.*—An officer of the Navy, of whom daily receives from official source, winds up his address on the occasion of the late Mississippi excitement:

"Now, gentlemen, it matters not to me whether you raise one thousand or ten thousand men, I understand that a long time in the high grass of Government, where *tall fodder* has never been cultivated, and where the ground is covered by thorns and thistles, and harrassed by the constant browsing of the enemy. My own peace and comfort require that I now quit the field, and return to the private walks of private and should any of you hereafter, endeavor to stir me up with a long pole as to be entirely out of my reach."

A Charleston editor at the west is so encouraging that he refuses to publish the usual marriage notices in his paper, unless the fee is sent in advance.

The Indian editor at the west is so encouraging that he refuses to publish the usual marriage notices in his paper, unless the fee is sent in advance.

The reason alleged is, "that he sees no reason in being obliged to expose the follies of his fellow-creatures gratis.

SOUTHERN.

The Senate of Louisiana have adopted antiSub-Treasury resolutions, by a vote of 9 to 5.

Important, if True.—A citizen of Vicksburg, Mississippi, has invented a piece of machinery to move power to the propelling of steamboats The sentiment says that its application to steamboat navigation will prove one of the most important inventions of the day, as it will save nearly three fourths of the fuel at present required in the generation of steam.

The Dead Silent.—It is stated by a correspondent of the New Orleans Sun, that Peabo, the son of a former Governor of Kentucky, who murdered a man named Baker, and was arrested, and who afterward murdered a man in Texas, had died in prison before the day of his execution came, is since discovered to be alive. His existence is accounted for, by supposing that he did not absolutely die in prison, and that a, by connivance of his family, was buried instead of him. It's a tough story," any way you can *swallow it.*

Tennessee Court.—The New Orleans Louisianian says. The trial of Mrs. Doyle and her confederate, for the murder of Gentilly, was concluded last night. The jury retired about 8 o'clock, and returned in a few minutes with a verdict of guilty against Mrs. D. and Jones, and of acquittal of Davis.

Upward of $2000 were collected at a recent fair in Richmond, in aid of the female orphans that city.

By the late law of the Texan Congress, a regiment of regulars, to consist of 500 men was to be raised forthwith.

Rights of Corporations.—The question, whether the Legislature can use or not the funds of the State in which they were created, has been before the Supreme Court, the last three days. The stockholders of one of the companies questions to the union of the States, affecting the commercial intercourse which binds their interest, that can arise. The argument has been conducted with unusual ability—from the affidavit given by Mr. Ogden, of N. Y. and the opposite by C. J. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia.—*Washington Intelligencer.*

The New Orleans Bulletin of the 12th ult. says that a sale of a cargo of ice had been effected in that city on the day previous, at eighteen cents per pound!!

The Galveston (Texas) Gazette states that about one thousand emigrants arrive monthly at that port alone.

Two slaves have been condemned to be hung in Norfolk, for burning. The testimony of blood is justly considered to savor of barbarism.

A college is to be established by the Texans at Austin, in the county of Travis, October 1, from the sale of public lands.

The Bexar (Texas) Herald of Virginia, Mr. Kinney, of Augusta county, introduced a scheme for one state bank of $10,000,000—the capital to be made up of the stocks, stocks and bonds of the State.

Slow Time.—As a train of cars was passing along on one of the railroads a few days since under full headway, the engineer observed an old woman crossing toward the train from a house he was about passing, waving her hands and apparently greatly excited. He could not stop by without stopping. Supposing that her errand was important, he checked the locomotive and moved slowly along until the old lady—who had run herself quite out of breath—gradually approached within hailing distance.—"Well marm!" cried the conductor, "what do you want?" "I want to know," cried the old woman, panting at the top of her voice: "I want to know if that ware train of cars is a passin'?" The engineer was put on the locomotive for the next three miles on a caution to land turtles.—*Lodiensen's Transcript.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The amount of Treasury notes now outstanding is about $7,554,960.

A letter from Matanzas received at Charleston, says that the passengers from the Eastern States have recently arrived there with $9,000 Yankee shinplasters in their pockets.

Monsieur Menange says of M. L. a famous composer, that he has so fettered his conscience presented a silver crucible to him with a view to arouse in him a sense of his situation. the dying composer, after examining the cross with his most eminent attention, suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

An Awful Death.—During the severe storm of Sunday last, a tree was placed near the mouth of Mr. C. A. Stevens's coal pit, in order to keep the cold from penetrating the works. The fire for the purpose, which was of wood, was extinguished, and two men passed into the mouth for the purpose of closing it, when a sudden blast of the fire was placed. The gaseous vapors from it had been collected to such an extent as to explode with terrific violence, and thereby, fortunately, no other assistance could be rendered them.—*Pottsville Miners' Journal.*

Portical Will.—A suit has been instituted in the Orphans' Court of this city, by Mr. Burnside for the validity of the following will of H. White, the testator having died in October, without issue from Weybill fair:

Mary Ann you are my wife;
My rest and comfort of my life;
What Providence doth give to me,
Wisest I do, I'll give to thee.

Henry White.

The thermometer at Quebec, on Wednesday, January 23d, ranged from 59 to 36 degrees below zero.

A Lesson for the Modern Priests.—It is related in the history of Greece, that Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, on his return from Crete, found that his countrymen had become so much addicted to luxury, that he considered a new regulation necessary, and he accordingly issued a decree that no person should be allowed to eat more than one dish at his meals. It produced the desired effect.

Bread-Cannon.—Repeated experiments, under the inspection of scientific engineers, have demonstrated the practicability of the new gun invented by the French. It is said to possess many advantages over the old kind of cannon, as fire-arms do over the bow and arrow, and that the effects of one of them in the bombardment of San Juan de Ulloa, the newspapers of that city say, would have been satisfactorily proved by the rapid demolition of that fortress, deemed impregnable to common artillery. The new gun is to be called the Paixhan gun, in honor of the inventor, and the ball to be fired from it, Paixhan ball.

The Russian Government will not hesitate to adopt the invention, and will be enabled in an emergency to supply the army. Post offices removed from, as well as to which the post is to be addressed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the N. Y. Commercial Adv. of Saturday.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship Philadelphia, Captain Morgan, from London, came up this morning. Capt. Morgan, sailed from Portsmouth on the 2d December, and brings the London papers of the previous day.

The steamer Liverpool, arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the 31st ult. having sailed on the 6th. Among the passengers is Mr. Bennett, editor, that can arise. The argument has been conducted with unusual ability—from the affidavit given by Mr. Ogden, of N. Y. and the opposite by C. J. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia.—*Washington Intelligencer.*

The language used with respect to Canada must be received as a satisfactory reply to the foreign minister, Mr. Van Buren, on that subject.

The same paper announces the correspondence between Col. Worth and Col. Duncan published in the Globe of Saturday last.

The Liverpool made her passage in fourteen days and four hours. The passengers generally, to Capt. Fayter, a gold snuff box, with a letter to which they compliment him and his vessel in highly.

Important information had been received from China, in a despatch, dated Macao, October 1, from Lord Auckland, the governor-general.

The despatch sets forth the causes and objects of the recent military movements in India and Afghanistan as we stated them in our article of January 3d, with this exception, however, that in the whole paper there is not a word about Russian influence, all the blame of the assigned aggressions being laid upon the Shah of Persia. Dost Mahomed Khan, Ameer of Cabul, remains quite closely guarded.

The despatch gives a full programme of the measures received upon by the governor-general, of which the following are the chief:

Shah-Soojа to be replaced on the throne of Cabul.

To this end a treaty was negociated with Shah-Soojа and Runjeet Singh, by which the latter, in consideration of the former's surrendering part of them having been wrested from the Afghans, and on his part to co-operate for the restoration of Shah Soojа.

The friendly assistance of either of the contracting parties to be accounted friends and enemies of all.

A guaranteed independence to be tendered the Ameers of Sinde, and the integrity of Herat to be maintained, while the former continue friends to enter Afghanistan with his own troops, supported by a British army, the latter will run herself guilty of breach—principally approached within hailing distance."—Well marm!" cried the conductor, "what do you want?" "I want to know," cried the old woman at the top of her voice: "I want to know if that ware train of cars is a passin'?" The engineer was put on the locomotive for the next three miles on a caution to land turtles.—*Lodiensen's Transcript.*

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A letter from Matanzas received at Charleston, says that the passengers from the Eastern States have recently arrived there with $9,000 Yankee shinplasters in their pockets.

Monsieur Menange says of M. L. a famous composer, that he has so fettered his conscience presented a silver crucible to him with a view to arouse in him a sense of his situation. the dying composer, after examining the cross with his most eminent attention, suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

An Awful Death.—During the severe storm of Sunday last, a tree was placed near the mouth of Mr. C. A. Stevens's coal pit, in order to keep the cold from penetrating the works. The fire for the purpose, which was of wood, was extinguished, and two men passed into the mouth for the purpose of closing it, when a sudden blast of the fire was placed. The gaseous vapors from it had been collected to such an extent as to explode with terrific violence, and thereby, fortunately, no other assistance could be rendered them.—*Pottsville Miners' Journal.*

Portical Will.—A suit has been instituted in the Orphans' Court of this city, by Mr. Burnside for the validity of the following will of H. White, the testator having died in October, without issue from Weybill fair:

Mary Ann you are my wife;
My rest and comfort of my life;
What Providence doth give to me,
Wisest I do, I'll give to thee.

Henry White.

The thermometer at Quebec, on Wednesday, January 23d, ranged from 59 to 36 degrees below zero.

A Lesson for the Modern Priests.—It is related in the history of Greece, that Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, on his return from Crete, found that his countrymen had become so much addicted to luxury, that he considered a new regulation necessary, and he accordingly issued a decree that no person should be allowed to eat more than one dish at his meals. It produced the desired effect.

Bread-Cannon.—Repeated experiments, under the inspection of scientific engineers, have demonstrated the practicability of the new gun invented by the French. It is said to possess many advantages over the old kind of cannon, as fire-arms do over the bow and arrow, and that the effects of one of them in the bombardment of San Juan de Ulloa, the newspapers of that city say, would have been satisfactorily proved by the rapid demolition of that fortress, deemed impregnable to common artillery. The new gun is to be called the Paixhan gun, in honor of the inventor, and the ball to be fired from it, Paixhan ball.

The Russian Government will not hesitate to adopt the invention, and will be enabled in an emergency to supply the army. Post offices removed from, as well as to which the post is to be addressed.

ALMANAC.

FEBRUARY,				
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets
9 Saturday,	6.51	5. 5	10 19	
10 Sunday,	6.49	5. 6	11 19	
11 Monday,	6.48	5. 7	0 1	
12 Tuesday,	6.47	5. 8	0 42	
13 Wednesday,	6.45	5. 9	1 42	
14 Thursday,	6.44	5. 10	2 42	
15 Friday,	6.43	5. 11	3 42	
16 Saturday,	6.41	5. 12	4 42	

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives 10 P. M. | closes 8 P. M.
Northern, 2 to 3 P. M. | closes 11 A. M.
Southern, 2 to 3 P. M. | closes 11 A. M.
Western, 2 to 3 P. M. | closes 11 A. M.

Notice—A meeting of the citizens of the city and county of Chesterfield and the Adjoining Counties, friendly to the election of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison to the Presidency, will be convened to meet at the Farmer's Hotel, in the city of Petersburg, at 12 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday the 17th day of February. at 12 o'clock, P. M., to nominate candidates for the State Legislature.

MANY CITIZENS.

Asbroian Institute Lectures, Soldiers of the Revolution.—The Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, will lecture before the Asbroian Institute and Mechanics' Association, on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. at 7 o'clock, on "The Soldiers of ancient and modern times." The entire proceeds of the lecture will be given to the widow of a revolutionary soldier, who is now in indigent circumstances.

*** Fifty cottons, some fifty reams, may be obtained at the Office of the Enquirer.

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With the following Embellishments:

The Remembrance, a superb steel plate; Painted Still Life, a beautiful engraving; Heart of Lorraine Rose," arranged for the Piano Forte.

CONTENTS.

The Remembrance, engraving; An Indian Tradition, by Mrs. Sigourney; Lines to a Lady, by Miss Lynch; Philosophy, by William S. Burton; An Autumn Day, by Miss Lynch; Lines to a Lady, by Miss Lynch; Lines to a Lady, by Miss Lynch; Lines to a Lady

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

LINES FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

There is a story I have read,
Of a high angel, pure and true,
With eyes that tears had never wet,
And lips that pity never knew;
But on his throne he sat,
With his white pinions proudly furled,
And looking from his high estate,
Beheld the errors of a world:
Yet never as they rose to heaven,
Plead, e'en for one, to be forgiven.

God looked at last upon his pride,
And bade him fold his shining wing,
And o'er a land where suppers bide,
He made the heartless angel king.

'T is lovely reading in the tale,
The glorious spells they tried on him,
Ere grew his heavenly birth-star pale—
Ere grew his [illegible] dim:
Cups of such rare and ravishing wines,
As e'en a god might drink and bless;
Gems from unsearch'd and central mines,
Whose light than heaven's was scarcely less:
Gold of a sheen like diamond spars,
And silver whiter than the moon's,
And music like the songs of stars,
And perfumes like a thousand Junes,
And breezes soft as heaven's own air,
Like fingers playing in his hair!

He shut his eyes—he closed his ears—
He bade them, in God's name, begone!
And through the yet eternal years,
Had stood, the tried and sinless one:
But there was yet one untried spell—

WELLERISMS.—"You are heartily welcome," as the spider said to the fly ven it had entangled itself in his cobweb.

"You're a public nuisance," as the anti-temperance man said to the town pump, ven he broke his nose against it, as he was staggering home from a spree.

"You have it all your own way," as the frog said to the falls of Niagara, ven he was tumbling headlong over the precipice.

"Come nearer love, and you shall have a warm reception," as the candle said to the moth ven he was fluttering within half a yard of it.

"Hold your jaw," as the fishing hook said to the trout ven he was dangling over it in a pool of water.

"Adieu my hasty acquaintance," as the bullet said to the rifle, ven it was fired at a target.

"You can spare me this bit without grumbling," as the shark said to the man, ven he bit his leg off.

"I never divide my friends," as the cat said to the humming bird, ven he swallowed him, bill, feathers, and all.

"Oh, what a row, what a rumpus," as the shoal of fish said ven the Great Western dashed in among them.

"I am off," as the boy said ven his horse threw him.

"Just as I expected," as the man said ven they told him that one of his neighbors who had been twice convicted of stealing newspapers, had at last taken to borrowing them.

DODGING A BAILIFF.

Master had pretty well recovered of the wound, and was allowed to move. "Sir, sir!" says I, "the bailiffs are after you, and you must run for your life!"

"Bailiffs," said he, "nonsense! I don't, thank heaven, owe a shilling to any man."

"Stuff, sir," says I, forgetting my respect; "don't you owe money in England? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment."

As I spoke, cling, cling, ling, ling, goes the bell of the anti-chamber, and there they were sure enough!

What was to be done? Quick as lightning I throws off my livery coat, claps my gold lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livery. Then I wraps myself in his dressing gown and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the door.

Master throws open the saloon door very gravely, and touching my hat, says:

"Have you any orders about the cab, sir?"

"Why, no Chawls," says I, "I shan't drive out to-day."

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been published.—*Carlyle's Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdrockh.*

The Ladies' Department.

From the N. Y. Lady's Companion.

THE WIFE.

To a fond and confiding girl, few hours are so full of buoyancy and hope, of kindness and affection, as those of courtship, and few, it may be truly said, are so important to her future welfare and happiness. In her lover she to often sees all that is worthy and respectable in man; the ardor of her affection softens the most offensive traits of character, and obliterates all minor feelings. Whatever she may have collected from poetry, is brought in aid of her imagination, which pictures, in the most glowing colors, the character of a husband; and her affection persuades her that in her love she has found a perfect representative of this ideal picture.

In dreams of confidence in the prudence of her choice, and delightful anticipation of succeeding years and affection and happiness, she is led to the altar; and how often, alas! does one short year bring home to her aching bosom, the sad reality of the falsity and emptyness of her hopes of all mutual love, tender assiduity and mutual affection. Yesterday the lover was all attention, and love marked every action; to-day the husband is cold, distant and neglectful, preferring the company of the worthless and dissipated to that of her, who, but a few days since, he flattered himself was dearer to him than all the world beside.

I can hardly picture to myself a situation more truly heart-rending and deplorable, than that of a female who has found every want anticipated, and every reasonable wish gratified under the paternal roof, with the warm confidence of youth, to repose on the bosom of affection, but finding her confidence betrayed, her affection slighted and herself with a helpless offspring left to struggle with unkindness, poverty and want. Such alas! is too often the case in this world of uncertainty, where we find, mixed with the kindest blessings of our Heavenly Father, evils, which almost stagger our strongest faith.

In my boyish days, when every thing was bright and sunny, and pleasure sported in beautiful perspective before me, I sometimes wandered to a neighboring farm-house, to pass an idle hour with its lovely and innocent inmates, who were as thoughtless and cheerful as myself. Among these beautiful girls was one more advanced in years than the rest, whose modesty and blooming beauty was the admiration and envy of the village throng. Twenty winters have passed over my head since I saw her sporting on the green, and yet, at this distant day, I cannot recollect her sylph-like form, her sprightly man-

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wept at the contemptuous nature of his colleague—at an ungentlemanly standing of his sharer in the honors of the day. Ward the wondrous writer of Fielding, D'Almaine, and De Vere, gives in the latter work a true and honest definition of a gentleman: "By a gentleman we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. No. *The distinction is in the mind.* Whoever is open, just and true; whoever is of a humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgment of others and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a *gentleman*;—and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth as well as in the drawing rooms of the highborn and the rich."—*Burton's Magazine.*

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Editor and Proprietor, Philadelphia.

The Review Department of the Gentleman's Magazine, which has elicited notice from all points of the Literary circle, will continue to present a complete account of the popular literature of the day, with liberal extracts from rare and popular works. Translations from the lighter portions of the French, German, Spanish and Italian authors, occur in every number. Copious and anecdotal biographies of eminent men of the day, with engraved likenesses, will frequently ornament the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine.

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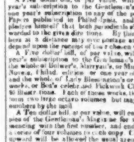

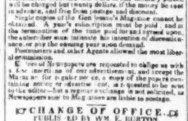

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nov 17—tf

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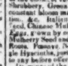

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nov 24—tf

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